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"Of course PH lose you after so're married.—Ere shows preferred married man!"

EXQUIPE (October



Wester Zewer Hemisgrapy words The Sun Alov Zines in Paris in 1916.

Probably the underlying resons for this says of building hadowed

Stitutes of calchety-Dairy Federac, princips, or the felialess Lady The record chann of the life than photond by Hemisgrops she



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And Julio replace. "It counch like a need life."

That was needed generation, but the world and the same not obveys
the same. The non-also date—and these is needing now under it.

Only the same and the same a



"All right! So there's one even in which the sports one isn't superior!"

WELCOME

THOMAS WOLFE

mon occust beyond his bestone and his known work. Such an erest takes place on these pages. Ten Nelle martel Aggerteen, he are published takes, in 1922, hear observance the 45th to February to Our Con. He was a are consumer. he knew that he had western of e theme that would redor Fresh Gross, Edger A. Garet, and the Assesson Magazine . . . The know, the tools and the bag righ fearith. There are only three varys, and only there, so gain direits tone (1) Meany, (2) more memory, (3) a great first of science,. And the measurer of ger

photo, for Walfe chose to set his play within the persions of Southern separation, coldly musting Nagos characters and white characters who, when yourd, would Accepted each other and thermoless on the Earth of States Gay. Table was to write Federate or Our Coy was the first complete work that Year. Widdle said to cold Free cut to Difficult and Group Perior Rober's Board Tr Breiching, he came to New York, submitted his play to the Thortee Gold. Four mouths deeped by serious or source. "I have gone to their repeatedly," he waste as a hottee form to a faired, "making any very directly the council of observations would have been and Each time I have been soked for pay address, and at has been noted pecuals. A month age, I was hack for the hot time. Everyong the refoluent happy and a few of the department, I got test the hille recent and when the types. He opened a colour and head my july—moder are hard what. It had have returned. But we is had not been returned. But we is had not been returned. But had not have been read. But—the was ware that ha saother work' - Groping Mindly for the /eor, I stansared out machine work — targong basedy for the over, I staggeted u.c. Not I am re-gioning to one that a more course in physiciling in mot energh. There should be a more surprise in mobiling, auction proper, according frequency, belong and whiteness. sieses course in pobliker, eachers shorters if he should even by cortain property - oppose the length by shirty prime

repossible to occurrie his new spect; "I have written the play with skety-old named to other rangem. "I not localishle," be said at this point. "The only doing that eve. to other marten. "I are necessary, be now at time print. The company of the real before he

had completed five books and, as he relies described in. The becoming to take the manuscript gages" which was to yield performently door river. And there was arranged to the contract of the other shorter play-infrancel-nee-written while at Harverit, too, and published on 294). But conclose over the years, when Wolcowe in Our Coy was filed over with ess. Now it has been found, corning with a all the wheneve of Wolfe as his youth

the artists manker he would admit but ignore, the fred-tening reposes of a con-

Governor Person Cora: The stole is a rughty empore, self-sufficent to all her needs. We

that's does. (Money is posted)

Mr. J. C. Devenati \$1,63.

A areas as Berkinsen. One looks serves at a

armen to proching promptly at a line drawn in the

A Negro man and a total Negross are in at-

Forther up to the left, on the opposite ride of

archiv light agent these.

Ma. Scarcer Wone. Said to Governor Person Carr for these showard dellars a front such. Geor-Generative Partition Case: Mr. Savell estad Man Evan Converse (Twenty dote, on

Ma I C Dunean (legged beheaf the little drops further back, name, bergs, returns; with engles; and palpines). Know-who does The hodds, butle, one encurrent little type to Soon the systems being to come by. They are

foot shore of a serviceing villor. Young Nages scores, attited in alcocky faces, or which from a dissor sail or a lord bucket on his head. The per no execution to those on other this of them wards on her back and fresh, mark learners, a They are presented of sadden whom, and do Dy and down the street pure mony people. Most

> sometr. The office is bright, clear and well refer and to other offices in the taste viewer the with popular megazines, tourier gas-lebroles, and folders and real maste manufaces. There is a deal-

he much carried county the cross. He county has the Bosery Chab, and a lour, support recture of shat hody, ensembled in agencial convention, at once to two streographers). She's a harpole, she's "Boost For Greater Absences", die ceher.

In the leach well there are three lerge, name Ma. Harray Scanner, \$2.47--the rest or

Mr. Brayes West The trude's on (Moura

less feet. At the tunner there is a baile healt sur-This service is the Negro settlement, marging During the curren of the corne, the usin of the recenting in Higher and dispersal, and the whole place, were merchally had, then notice a bright suc. The office has been opened by Mass Nasaz, the stemographic, a got of recent-where years. Not is not also had been seen of the dispersal points of the property of the property and manner. She is just completing a contract of the property of the prop

flesh the keek, blue hifls beword

ceiter. Daw REES, the office near, has just extered. He is a feet, stupid-fooking Negro, with a round, heavy, but very good-humowed face) Daw: Morrant, Miss Helen. Miss NEELY: Good instraing, Dan. Mr. Sor-

rell left word that you should come to his house as soon as you go here.

Date (gauge): Yes'in.
Mass Naracvi and, ob, Date. Will you get the mail from the box when you came hock? Here's the key. (Sin grees it to hom.)

Date: Yes'm. (He goes out. Mass Naracvi hantly looks over a temporation as her numberhantly looks over a temporation as a

er's clerk, posts up a sheaf of opened letters, and covers down to be table, whome she prepares to sat to work).

There enters now an assautated-bolting won of abovered irreddin age. He is of anothem deepli such has thus, that p features, and sports, grouping havhan thus, that p features, and sports, grouping havchests. He is troubled by a lattic, tip cough which believes has prequisedly out, after a spell

of coughing, he weps his soruth and the red of his bingwe cordially, and guest outently into his househorkeet, Time Mass: Good morning, Misso Nitzay: Good meneng, Mr. Jaidan? That's the name, int't it? Jonnass: Yes, That's right. In Mr. Sorrell in? Misso Nitzay: Ne, but I expect but any musus now. I haven be wants to see you. Work you may.

Jonnaes: Thank you. If it won't be long, I'll write. (He site down and hes on attach of coughing white longs lass long with loss handberching).

Miss Nanae (cosmally, procougised with the necessivations): And how is your authora this marring?

Institute: Broacheid.

Johann: Broncheth!

Miss Niesle: Broncheth!

Miss Niesle: Of course! I knew it was one or
the other. (She calmly proceash with her work,
putting a sheet of paper in her reachine)

Jonaan: I had a very bad najph of it.

Miss Niesle: Really! The were overy in hear it.

Journay. It was that interrible cam, you know. It always infects me in this way. Think of it There is did always of sear. Do you have weather the the total of the think of the Miss Natur. (Austrly). Oh, goodness, not let very seldom we have snything like it. It's high and with after the limbs. (Earthey prossily) We say

2,500 Net some use serves.

Jonnous: Yes, Hann, Several people have told

me. (A princ, schile she lends over to puzzle our

some ibbrihand instes). You know, your people
seem to have an extraordinary amount of information about the torm.

Man Naux Oh, arrows been in a booster.

2,500 feet above the sea level.

Mass Nucley: Oh, everyone been is a booster for Geester Altamont. You'll get the fewer, too, if you stay long. Jonnan: And what does Greater Altamont record?

Miss Naray: 100,000 by 1910. That's the goal re's us trareliere. Jonnawi: And after that, what? 200,000 by 1940, I suppose of the strategy of

you've no also how perfectly thefting it is! It's that a lag year in which everybody takes part that a lag year in which everybody takes part Everymen. The began to make the toom bagger and better. Jonnaw. The began; the better? Mass Nears, Why, of course. That's one of our ologous Altamout—Begger, Better, Brigherin Jonnaw. The town apparently is good-

rapidly.

games shree the people woke up. It used to be took a deepy, superpessive sect of place. But we were thought on the more now, I can sell you. Mr. Screll says we have a gree future. Journals: I am stare you will have only the largest and best of everything—ern of futures. Mass Nazav: "It can be done!" That's the matter of this office. Mr. Screll says 'if you believe a thing hard enough, it will come true. Journals: Why, come! The mark's a philosopher.

Mass News vy You've no idea hose sanidly it has

motto of this office. Mr. Seerell says if you believe a thing hard enough, it will come true. Journary Why, come! The man's a philosophic. Mnss Noxay: He gave a talk at a fittary Clab Junckson, and afterwords they adopted it as a slogars. "If you believe it, if's no." Mr. Sorrell really is a very prospessive num. Journary. With this intented leadership I don't

really is a very propressive sum.
Jornani: With this impired leadership I don't
see how you can full to reach your gook
Miss NEEU: But you are going to be one of
us, seen't you?
Jonnan (with a swile): What must I do to be-

points (what alme): What must i us to be core "one of you?"
Miss NEEXY: Oh, that's easy. Just buy that pretty little bouse Mr. Sorrell showed you yesterday in Batledge Park. Jonany: I would hike to Jonn your Clab, but your intustion fees are a but steep, you know.

Mus. Next. (or if reprodug a removined (cornello). On July you carl the or as intresttement in Alaemant real easier. It here, page up. And Battledge Parts in the most demands each me the city. Mr. Surrell said you could make a good townser used member if you would make a good townser. Walfertunsstelly, I am not interested in making a good tumener. Wall I am fall the saferies is a horse to lite in. (With a cornent suspinal good hamser). I realist that page time used tangeting.

here, but I assure you my species is not entirely extinct yet.

Mass NEXELY: Oh, no. There are lots of people, nice people, noo, right here as Attansort, who buy houses to kee in Joseway. You assure my interest. I had not expected to find any so close at hard. I treat hole

Mass NEELY Of course, nearly everyone you need to seem to be livesting in something or other. Law seed to be the gent prefession for the young men. Now they become real-outsie men, that is ... sealors.

Jonany 1 see. Every man his own agreet.

Mass NEELY. What he your housses, Mr.

Jordan? Or have you retured?

Jornany: I am a broken-down writer looking
for a room. There you have me.

Miss Neany: How perfectly thalling! Do you
write for the magazines?

Jonany: Once upon a time, forty or fifty years
age, I did.

Missa NRELY: And have you written say beeks?

JOHANN A great many, my dese I am sure you must have read some of them.

Missa NRELY: Mercyl It must be perfectly supprocess so be a writer. I know you're assellate.

JOHEMN: I throught so, too, once, twenty years
age, Now, I'm an untique—the Shakespeare
Miss Natezer Twenty years! Think of that.
You must have made a focuse. I been they pay
fre cents a weed sometime.
Jonaan: Few teen in my profession huy hoose
in Batticing Park—even offer twenty years. You

know the prices out there are really outrageous.

Mass Nazax. But #8 a very excharge place,
you see. Mr. Sourel way that the price brings the
right kind of people.

Josman: I gather that it would. But please
don't let me keep you from your work any lenger.

don't let me keep you from your work any lenger. Mass Nurar: I really don't know what can be keeping Mr. Senrell. I can call his home, if you like. (She reaches toward the stelphone) Journam: Pleave don't trouble. He's doubtless on his way bere now. Betides, I'm in no gent

barry.

Mass NRELY: Then, just make yourself at home. This week's Life's on the table. (She proceeds with her typing, Jonnan looks over the latter of wagezines on the table, tooss there unife, and, in a woserut, strolls over to the wirefoses, where he stands looking out? Jonnan (souler his breath, but multiby): What a paty! There enters now a short floral little man, who

fairly bounces along with his energy and good univers. The mass is lossaria Battley, the Secretors of the Alternant Royal of Tends. Show host a turn set, and he will translate it isto terms of chosate, a range of mountains and his sound loans directly to statistics concerning Actels and tournits. Active, rigorous, dusting, theffor, wholly enground in has little world of a rourist paradise, his constitutrous' missocraty is the most sincere and honest thing about him, once you learn to accept how on his own indexthis level you can observe him with all the auful fascinggion occasioned by a prece of to transcend itself. He beers carefully under one or it as encritous after our, only the botton of which is resible; the top is strapped securely in sopes his forehead with a kandherchief as he

which is resulte; the top in strepped securely in charge space. The table the server in young, be demonst paper. Though the servering young, be netwer life it is one of those persons who purspace produce.

REALEN (CARCY-BIT) On, good morning, Helman, Tallary (delivering himself reputh). You are though the last on band, I seed Good Good The shapes the last on band, I seed Good Good The shapes the last on band, I seed Good Good The shapes the last on the last band of life; I self you'll be supported who says in bed muss half of life; I self you'll be supported by the last of the last of life. I self you'll be supported by the last of an occurring the fair, you the last of the last of the last of the last of life.

of Trade.
Jonnan: I am glod to know you.
BARLEY: Welcome to our city! You will find the
beers of Alternori as deep as a well, as wide as a
been door. That is the slopus which the Kwanis
Club lass subspeed. I am glad to know you, six.
(They skubs haush)

Jonnary Think you. Everyone seems very freendly, Bastiev: As I came in, I chanced so hear you say, "What a pit!" Tell is what is a pity and we will change it for you. Jonnary: Fire afraid you can't. That is your Negos settlement, int't is? (He polus our the wis-

Hatters: Oh, then. My does sin, I quite agree with you, It is on eresore. "A Blotten the Scribchen," as the Crisans call it. I Jonanas I I was thinking it was a pity that it should be here us the very heart of things, so to speak. To all siles even to the such a pitle in wour city.

Hataker And justly so, I think There is no cleare or more beausful tors of it size anywhere cleare or more beausful tors of it size anywhere Jonnavi: The thing I don't understand is how you could have allowed at so happen. I think you have let the Negoes have the best building use in your city. Hataker: You have hit the nail on the heaf! That is existly what his happened! We avoke to

or error doo late.

Jonnace I should say the town is pretty well built up. Any other development will have to take place at a considerable distance from the center of things.

BAILET: Our progressive businessmen have development will have its take the considerable of the control of things.

violating no confidence when I tell you that steps are even now underway to do only with the Negrosettlement. Journal, Do nowy with it? BAILEY: That is, now it to a less conspicuous spot. Out of sight, not of mind, you know. In that way all this section will become available for a first-class residential destruct—bance even than

Rutledge Fark.

Journay: That stellars me as a solute treemendous undertaking.

Bastav: The best statecests of the community demind it. We no longer allow raysthing to wind in the way of progress in Altament. As Mr. Sorrell largestell usafie, the prencyle in a case of this sort.

Journay: Vour Mr. Sorrell scena to have an iron almost one with the progression of the pro

BALLEY: Yes, indeed! He's the heaviest sharehelder. (To the typus) By the way, Helen, have they talked hourses with that Nigger yet? Mean Neally: I get him on the phone this morening. He's coming in at ten o'clock. Balley: That's scleenfull Now things ought to

move along. (To Jordan) We have a Nigger doctor here who's quite a fellow in many ways. He has he seen car, you know, and holds this head up above the other darkes. Mass Nigara. (I think it's perfectly disquisiting! You should see the afre his wife and daughter put

on. They have a charaftear, and go flying around jour file white folks.

Rattack Do they? Well! You know Eve aboveys and the Nigger is the original suissing link: He's like a monkey in many respects. He ages all the tracks of the white man Eur] obtainers's a word darks

and known his place. Everyone here has a good word for him. I understand his change good with other history, too. You know, they her beight for high. You knew to hald your more when you go through the place. JOHLEY E. The heard consistion were peetly had. Man NERLEY OR, they're savaged.

BALEVY This darky, by the way, is fiving in the old Battedge hours, the Ing house there at the top of the lift! (He points out the wondow) Journawy Yes, Those noticed It. A tim old house. It seems out of place in these surroundings, II BALEVY. The surroundings grew up resent it. Mr. Buikeligs shearized the place from his father's

cuise, but the war are up everything the Intellyhad. So the Buttedge had to give the place upwhen he was a young man. Ever time he's wanted it back. It went against the giain, you so Jonnove 19c. I can understand that it would. (There is a passie) Their, there's secrething almost pressoal about the business, soft there? BULEY (Arustenig). Well, yes. Bit you can hand? Marine the old by for wanning the place

shardly altane the old boy for wasting the place.

the father was a shardlolder and a hig man heige in list day. The house has quite a limitary, Jornan (Choughfull), gazing out the window): I wonder what he's gazing to the window): I wonder what he's gazing to do with it non. Do you think he'l go back there is line?

BAILY (Ok, no' He has a hig, fine house of his orn—a neurist whore slore.

orn—a organic show place.

Mass Nicary I throuldn't think he'd want to,
now, anyway.

BALLEY: This is the last deal that stands in the
way of the Development now. The company orns
the whole works, what they dish't own they bought.

Jointown: Then they are easily to go pith ahead?

JORGAN THE INSTANCE OF STATES AND THE STATES OF THE MADE SCHOOL BY STATES OF THE STATE

in the paper; a bangart in his horse; I believe?

BALLY! Yes, sa: The Associated Critic Clabs,
you know. There were over fire bundred people
prevent. I never sun such enthusiand The scene
logarted description!

Jonnan Tes, so the paper said. Now that I think
of it, was noth a localities not in the research users.

Jonnan' Tes, so the paper said. Now that I think of it, you took a leading part in the program post-self, didn't you?

BALERY (modistly): On, not executly. Just a filler in you know.

filler in, you know.

Miss Niker: That's only his modesty. He was toostrassies.

BALEY (coply): Oh, I wish you hadn't monitored that If you negliging (With a moder famel).

Ballett (coyl): Oh, I wish you badn't mentioned that It was nething: (With a modern tangle) Why, ha, ha—I don't know yet why they singled me out.

Miss NERLY: And he presented the cup, too. That was the biggest event of the whole eventup. consumity for the past year. BARLEY: No, sar. Not this year, but for all time He has permanent possession of it now. We saw nothing else to do, when a man has done as much for the town as he has there should be no strings tled to his honors. As I said in my little speech. JORDAN: That was very well sold. BAILEY: He has been the moving script: I used that phrase last night.

lonnan: Oh. really? This cup? (He indicates

BAILEY: Yes, sir. This is our Citizenship Cup.

We promably uppended to amond at yearly to the

citaces who has been of the greatest service to the

the pockett'

Townson: It's a soul one. Spint, specks, should not be without locomotion. BARLEY: You've really no idea how much that one man has done for this place. Butledge Park alone has brought hundreds of people here to settle, first-class people, too, nothing shouldy about

them. They all have their own cars Mass Nexxy: I can remember when the park was nothing but old bare fields and meadows; it BARLEY: Why, it hasn't been ten years. That's nothing! I can remember when the ground this building stands on was used as a cow pasture. And then one man comes along and shows us what we

can do with a little coterorise-and look at un! We're growing faster today than my town in the JORGAN: I think I understand your enthusiasm Your friend Sorroll has not only made money, he has shown other neorde how to make it

BAILEY: Thor's it exactly. He had Vision. JOHNSON: I beg your pardon? EARLEY: I say be had Vision, the thing hig book

nemmen and roots and all those people have, you loznan: Oh BAILEY: Yes-and Fath; that's what it was JORDAN: The thing preachers and all those

people have? BAILEY: Yes-and Imagination! He had that, JOSDAN: Really, I don't see why someone hasn't written him on for the American Massame. There's material here for another outpouring of the in-dustrial mose: the Bernance of Rie Eustress and that sort of thing, you know. BAILEY (excitoffy): Helen, why haven't we

thought of that? It's a wonderful idea, think of the publicity. Who could we get to do it for us Mrss Next.y: Why not sak Mr. Jophan? He's a writer. BAILEY: You? Why this is worderful-an act of Providence, You're the very man! JORDAN (feely): No. no, you'd better ask someone clot. I don't do this sort of theme. At this moment Sometre, comes in the is a nather countrified looking man to his phintles, sleek, shire, self-someted and oversee houself with smar

good humor and of ability. BAILEY ruther towers him, quirering and incoherent with excitoment. BALLEY: Sterell, Streell, The American Magazinc, Futh, Vision, Imagination, Publicity. Think SORRELL (impatiently): Oh, tell me some other late for an engagement with this gentleman. Good morning, siz. (Shahes Asma's weak Jonnan) I'm

very sorry to have kept you waiting. JOHNAN: The time his passed very pleasantly with Mr. Bailey SORRULE: Joe's a good fellow, but he gets in the way sometimes Razzary: He calls my lor and I call bim Henry. That's the way it is between us. We're both menbers of the Rotary Club, you know, and everyone calls each other by his first name.

JORDAN: That's very friendly of you Sommers: Helen, were there any calls? Mass Nizery: No, sir. I got that man Johnson on the phone. He said he'd be here at ten-fifteen. SORRELL: Good. (He looks at his watch) That gives me over an hour. (To Jordon) If you'll excuse me while I make a telephone call-

JORDAN: Certainly. I've been hearing the history of Altsepont, I find it very interests SORRELL. Oh, you'll find foe full of facts and figures. He'll tell you anything you want to know. He's our little walking encyclopedia. (To Mus Neely) I'm calling Mr. Rutledge, I'll use the other phone. (He uses jum the unner office and closes the door behind him) BARLEY: Now-where see you staying, Mr. JOHNAN: For the present, at the Inn. RAMERY: The Inn, I must get that down. (He

takes out a notebook and makes a jottere') Beauti million dollars and that was ten years ago, when tune and have a good long that with you. JORDAN: I shall be delighted, of course BALLEY: I want to take you out and show you all the notets of interest. I have a car, you know. JOSEAN: Oh, seally) BAILEY (conformable): Yes, I have a car, I couldn't get along without it now. Now, about the

article for the American Magazine, how soon could you have that rendy for us? loansa: I think you'd better find someone else, who has all the facts. BAILEY: Oh. I can furnish all the facts JORDAN: Yes, but, you see, this sort of thing as not in my line. (He hesitates) Besides, I'm here to rest. My health is not good.

BAILEY (morang at him fatesaly): Oh! Jornan (honly): Chronic beauchitis, you JORDAN: Nothing pulmonary, you understand? The doctor assures me of that BAILEY (still storing): Yes, of course. Oh, yes. Certainly not. (Brishly) Well, sir, you have come

to the right place. We have lots of people who come here with chronic beonehitis. There's nothing like our climate for it. lonnan: Yes, high and dry, the doctor says. What is the exact altitude? This proves foral BARLEY inflores his obest. throws one foot brishly forward, and delivers himself or follows BALLEY: Alternout, a city of some 30,000 souls, is situated on the crest of a plateau 2,300 feet above the level of the ocean. Toward the setting sun stretches away the illimatable viscas of the west

em peaks, and the towering summits of the Pisgah

range, last continually in freety clouds, to the south the blue glory of the Black Mountain persents study to the develop even of the spectator, to the west the sheer wall of the Blue Bishe charges and enthralis. Worsted peaks of unparalleled may onty and beauty. Crystal streams, as yet unpollated of the mountain troot, virgin forests, where the foot of man has never troot, all conspire to give to this favored region the title of "Nature's Wonderland," The climate JORDAN (demenately): Yes, yes, I know about the climate. It is very healthful, I am told BAILEY (proceeding with firmings and deter-mination): The climate is high, dry and salubrious. The rigors of a neethern wanter are tempered

at necessary, few so warm but that blankets may be used with perfect comfort. A little to the worth is the great isothermic belt, famous for its raddy grapes and its equable temperatures. The mean average trusperature is \$1 degrees, the mean aver age rainfall is - g has escaped my mind for the present, but it will return—it will return. Jonnan (weakly): Never mind. You can tell me later. You have a theater, I surpose, among your other treasures? BAILEY: A theated My dear sir, we have four

with the easter wountly of the treeses there are

few nights so cold that the wearing of overcosts

lonnas (surerised): That is really remarkable in a town of the saw. BALLEY (with espherianse): I tell you we have escrything the larger cities have. You'll never want for a place to go here. You can see a new show every day, if you want to. Helen, how often do they change the pictures? Mass Negary: Three times a week at the Blicu,

BALLEY (triamphently): You can see two shows a day if you want to. Think of that! And I can remember this town when these was no place to go to, nothing to do! People stayed at home at night Josephy: A bad state of affairs. BAILEY. I can remember this town when it was no more than a country village. Saurdry was a things up a lat. Look at us today? JOHNAN: Your growth is remarkable, surely. (He penses) Yet, Mr. Bulley, the thing that interents me most. I think, is that old run down home

Olympic and Oerheum; overy day at the Princess.

up there on the hall. To one it stands, somehow or other, for well, for fewfalters secretions we call the Old South BALLEY (staring in stapefaction): The Old South! But, my dear sir, you surely dadn't want to find any of that kind of thing here? (Turning with a despairing gesture to Miss Neely) You see, Helen? You see how it is? Do you remember what I told you the other day? That's the opinion they have of us. They imist on thinking we're fifty

JORDAN: Would that matter so much? BALLEY: Matter! When we are storping forward in this state faster than anywhere in the country? Do you know what this state is doing for good made? Do you? JOSEAN No-but-BALLEY: Do you know that we're capally tak ing the cotton textile industry away from New

IOUDAN: No, but I--BALLEY (bearing down on him relentlently): Do you know that the largest factory in the world for the summacture of men's underwear is located within the houndaries of this state? Had you beard JOHNAN (submissively): You have all the things we have. You will eventually be even greater than BALLEY (getting into the move of it): Facts salk! Figures don't lie! We have eight schools, one of which cost over half a million dollars, six banks. nine big betels, over two hundred zone and board

ingleoner, and twenty-three churches, one of which cost ball a million that land values are the highest in the state. Over uper-three males of period street within the city limits. What does all this show? Iornas: I have no idea. BAILEY. Progress, Progress, Progress!! SORBELL (rather improvate): Oh hown't you cone yet, loc? Go sleer new. Pll not you later. BAILEY: I thought I'd no alone with you and Mr. Jordan and show him a few of the points of

SORRELL (wath resignation): Oh, all right, if you don't talk us to death. BALLEY (for miss): Writer was brown. Sonnexx. -- If you den't talk us to death. Mn. RUTLEDGE, a may near custy, with remore and lovely face, course su. Miss Neway: Good mersing, Mr. Butledge. BUTLEDGE: Good morning, my dear. Sorrell, did you get the docky l you get the corey: Sonneal: At ten-thirty, see. It's all servings Jonnace coughs redly into his handkerchief.

JOHDAN: The artist-type, you see. Burn to color. RUTLEMOR: You embroider prettly, my friend. Sonneal: Mr. Jordan; Mr. Rutledge, one of our very distinguished effects. Mr. Ruckdag, this is BALLEY: A very notorious writer, Mr. Butledge RUYLEBOX: Good morning, Booley. How are the pumphlets? (To Jordes) Hest do son do

Jonnan (looking beenly pleased): How d'ye

RUTLEDGE Yes.

(He follows)

do. (They shake hends) Mass Numer (autoring phone): Yes, he's here. (To Surrell) Mrs. Poeter, Mr. Sorrell. Sonzera: Yes-right away. My office phone, I think. Gentlemen, if you will excuse me a moment? ORBELL (DONE): Come along, Joe. Bazzay (to Jordon): Pll see you later, then.

RUYLEDGE: I, too, my friend, have lived in RUTLEDGE: In my youth, when Grover Cleve-land reigned. We read Mallarmé and Oscar Wilde. JOHNAN: We read Joyce and Eliot and Cortrau. RUTLEDGE: My dear looden, we are kindred JOHNAN: Yes, Butledge, I think we are-except that I have a sound red cough. (Thry skolo hands morale)

BUTLEDGE (nearching with his eyes; quietly): You have come for health. But do you think that

JORDAN (coughing slightly nest his hundler-

charf): Is it not vert of our relation as a people?

People have died from it. Dr. Gauss MacGill, of

RULLEDGE. So you have put your faith in

JOHNSON: With all my heart. And damp the dull-

ness' For it is necessary that life be lone -- it is not

necessary that it be beautiful or interesting. I be-

lieve in buthtule with the innecent fulth of a child.

returned, then, from perverted kingdom to the

RUTLEDGE: My Fellow Countryman! You have

RUTLEDGE (nev-rrise): From death to Mic.

loggan: In Paris, of course, with all the other

JORDAN: With Beauty and Art and Love in the

city of the everlatine trite, in the company of the

conventional unorthodox. Rutledge, how did you

from beautiful cotting tapestnes to slick lineleum

ROTLEDGE: In Paris, of course

ROYLEDGE: With Bessey.

Jorgan; When?

health is in us, lordan?

Marietta, Ohio, is sure of it.

clean, the good Americana? JOSOAN (quickly): How did you know that,

combine?

Butledge?

RUTLEDGE: A small cough, Jordan JORDAN: Enough to embedder all my handkerchiefs. My boom was over long ago-end, I think, I am dving. BUTLEDGE (with a round half gesture): Come, longan; I had forgotten! I am at home! Health. Life, Vitality, Optimism! As all the world knows Rutledge, we are a young country and a great RUTLEDGE: Yes, Jordan. We have been a great

country for the last century, and a young country for the lost three. Journay Counting dightly into his handlerchref) Well, then, I shall get well and live, I suppose. And I shall boom -- boom -- boom egoin! And you? BUTLEDGE (enistly) I have no cough-not even a small one. Nothing, you see, to die for Iconnan: Not men a country? RUTLEDGE: Not even a country

RUTLEDON: Not even a mob-for there are only two, Jordan. The greater and the lesser. RETERIOR: Not well enough, my friend. To mack well needs before Jonnan (middenly grave): Yes, Butledge. That, at least, is true. We are both, it seems, daraned together. BUYLEDGE: Not even that, I fear, We have not even a hell left that we can so to SOREKLL cuters with BAILEY JORDAN: Good morning, Mr. Rutledge

lonian. Not even a mob?

BUTLEDGE (coarteamly, with a shight how): Good meering, Mr. Joedan. (He goes out) SORRELL (to Jordan): For lost been talking to Mrs. Poeter-the woman who owns the house we looked at vesterday SORREZE: She has decided not to sell. I um sorry. You never know when these women will

charge their mind. Clorupay coards into his handthat I think will be just the thing you want JOHNAN: But I thought you said- (He looks et hun kerd) SORRELL: We will talk of that toe. (Srecothly) This place I am showing you is in a good neighburhood, a lattle old-fashioned perhaps, but with nece, friendly people as neighbors. Very convenant and close in. BAHLEY: Oh, you will find that people here can't do exceed for you. If you take sick, there will be expected at your ballide due and piele Jonnan; Pre sure that is very considerate of then. (To Sorreil) Shall we go there now? I'm a bttle tired SURRELL: Yes, certainly, I'll be right alone.

Joe, take Mr. Jordan down and put him in my car. Jonnan: Then—good by, Miss Neely. Miss NEELY: Good-by, But you'll come in sgain, won't you? JORDAN: It will always be a pleasure. Miss

Mass NEFE.v: You must. (He shakes houds with her and nors out with Bassay. Somera, steve ichiud a movent) SORRELL (confidentially, issuering his voice): Helen, I have been talking with Mrs. Porter. It's

too had! She won't sell Jordan the house. The people in that neighborhood simply won't stand for t! (Glenesse swiftly down the hall and they epodrug sharply behrnd his kend): Lunger! Mass Nexay (with a gasp of horror): Oh! BAILEY'S VOICE (down the hall): Hurry up,

SDERBELL (in a cheerful voice): All right, gentlemen, I'm coming. (He goes out)

Ballary's voice: I was telling but he won't know henself in a month. This air works wor ders -- (The class of the elevator door shuts of Ats conversation? Miss NEELY (as before): Lunger! Oh! (She

wypes hard with her handkerelisef the hand which the stranger had just grasped) The curtoin falls for a moment The office again. It is now sen o'clock.

An old may, point, stooped, palsy-shaken, leaving on a gaerled case, enters the office. He is on the seasy side of seventy, yet one perceives on him a certain tenacious visuatty which may enable him to hear outo life for a good many years longer; he ts a creaking gore telesch hongs by one hinge, but which haves, nevertheless. His must is blokexercise, trescible; a certain impediment in the speech thickens and renders auditained his conversation. He has long, bedroggled, white mus-

tuches, heavily streaked with tobacco swee-Sciences, expert the office from the corridor. SORBBELL (rether trritably): Good morning, Labor OLD SORRELL: Good mornin' Henry Source, (seating himself at his desh): Well? What can I do for you

OLD SOMMELL: I just thought I'd come in out o' the sun fee a spell. It's hotter'n blazes out in the SOMBELL (showing his irritation): I'm very busy this morning, futher. OLO SORRELL (flying into a rope at once): Oh, I kin go! I kin go! I got too much pride to stay where I'm not wanted. I was good enough to go sil through the Civil War and an a bullet hole in the roof o' my mouth big enough to stick yore for

through (here he cares his touthless seouth and sticks his finger into the gop), but I ain't good enough now to be treated decent when I come to my own son's office. (Shaking his finger) Let me tell you somethin'-SORTHER (MESSAGE): Yes, I know, I know, fasher -- has the Civil War was over fifty years

ago. We're living in different times today. OLD SORRELL: You - what have you ever done. sir? Sit arrent in an office all ware life an' was can talk back to a man who went all through the Civil War. Have you got any bellet bales in you?

SORRELL (trying to pacify him): No, hut— OLD SORRELL: Then don't arrue with me! You ain't been nowhere an' you sin't seen nothing! Looker than! (Assen he stretches his mouth over to the cracking yount, and sticks his fager in) Hole's his enough to stick were first through. All the doctors who ever seen it say it's a miracle I

lived to tell the story!

Amos Topp, on old Negro with a very handly fore expert the office Awne: Mo'nin', boss. Scenera: All right, Amos. Just sit down. I'll see you in a manufe OLD SOURELL: No! You've got no place fer yore

als fasher, but the fast dirty Nagger that comes in you ask to have a seat as mice as you please. Axon (backing away nerrosally): Dat's all right, boss. I jest come 'case I got dealin's wid hors. OLD SORRELL (advancing toward from brand-riking his cone): Dun't you give me none o' yare sass, you duty Nieger. SORRELL (strapping between): You knyc him

alone, lather He's said nothing to you. OLD SORRELL (storning and faming about the piece). By God! I sin't goin' to take nothin' off a damn Nieger. I fought all through the Civil War, on' I got this to show for it. (He again opens has mouth and muerts his fuger, speaking in elmost instruction feshion) Looker that! Big enough to stick were built fist through.

Assess (shiding toward the door): I'll come in sein boss. SORRELL: Stay where you are, Amos, (He tokes a ball from his pocket and altps at tuto his father's hand) Come back when I'm not so rudsed, father. Oan Sommaa. (pocketing the success and grunn blog): All I got to say is, this sin't no way to

treat a Civil War vet'ran what's got a hole in his secreth life exposed to stark some ... (Sommer a paskes him gently out of the office; he's stall salk ing angrify and as he disappears he again turns, sticks his finner to hir smouth, and remobles:) Lookee ther.

Assos (clasching): De ole ginleman gits powful upoot, don' he? SOURCEL: He's in his dotage, Amos Assos: Shed You don'tell me. Sonney a core to his desh and busines blasself

with some letters there. Presently Mr. RUYLEDGE RETERIOR: Good mereing, Ames, You're look ing well. Asson: Jes' toloble, morre. Dis beah mis'ry an mah back's been plagnin' me agan. I reckin I aln't got much me' tune on dis surth BATLEDGE: Go on, Assot, Ther'll have to

shoot you on Judencest Day. The old man chuckles in a slow, become feelnot, and it very much pleased. Areon: Marse SORRESAL: What see you weeting for Amos? Remembering Ob., the cheek! Here was and

(Sonnexa, produces a abach from his pecker and store if to the News Assos (tokens it supports between his finners): What's dis brob? SORRELL: Co cosy with that, Annu; it's worth

two thousand dollar The old sum hastily thronts at back at Sources. with chaking fingers. Asson: Heah' I don' want die, hose, I mout lose SORRELL: No one can get the money on it but

you, Amos, That's a certified crabier's check payoble to you. Asson: Cain't I have de money insud? BUTLEBGE: They'll give you the money at the bank. You don't want to no walking around with two thousand dollars in your pocket, do you? Asson: For skeered to trust myseY wid hit. (As

this recovere Dan Brem returns with the most which he houds to Sommer. SORRELL: I tell you what I'll do. Assoc. I'll out Dun here to take you to the beak, He'll get it cached

for you. (He gives the elech to DAN BEEM) Assos: (grabbing for it): Hesh, Nussih, von sob dat to me SORRELL: Why, you trust Dan, don't you? AMOS: I don't trust no Niggoh, boss, let alone dese young 'uns. Day Rem moles shuffing morement with his

feet as if about to depart with the treasure, SORRELL: Look out, Avios! There be coes! Assos (handling his cane and stamping forsverd): Come back heals, Niggals, dis minnit. I'll cane you ovals de haid if you don? BUTLEDGE: Give it to him, Don, and don't bother him any more. (Dass does so) Now take

him down to the Bankou Tout and make a deposit for him. Amos, what are you going to do with AMOS: I don' know, marse. Some to be a now'ful lot fo' an' ole Niggah lak me, but vittles comes Sounger: Well, you're a good trader, Areos, We pard you the top price fee that shack of yours.

Anexs. Mabbe to, boss, but I lived deter goin on fo'ty years now. Dat place seem lak home to me BUTLEBGE: Amos, I think you know that I shall

always be your framed. Asson: Why, marse, I 'member de day you was bawn. Mistah Johnny comes out ter de gahden-SORRELL: Who's Muster Johnny BUTUTOGE: That was my father. SOURCEL: Go on, Armos! You're not that old.

AMON: I've gattin' pow'ful ole, boss. Screazzz: How old? Amos: I danso. Way ovah a bund'ed, I spec. SORRELL SHIRE, but BUTLEDGE Glences like

with a pesture. RUTLEDGE: You're as good as the best, Amos. no matter what your age is. I wish there were more of your kind. (Regretfully) There aren't many darktes left like you, Amos-AMOS: Dev took a stick to us rearre on made us behave. Dat's what desc young Nagoha need

BUTLEDGE: Arecs, I hope you'll take part of this money and fix up your shoe shop. Put in new equipment, and get a couple of young men to help you. It will pay you in the long run.

Asson: Mebbe, mone, mebbe, I dunno, (He matters vegusly to hisself) Mittah Johney. . . . SORRELL: Take him out, Don. DAN: Yes, sale They go out. There is a silence a succeed. Mn.

SORRELL: A good old man BUTLYDGE (sawting): What? Yes-I was thinking, Surrell, on the everlasting governess of things. I was thinking that we might be taking money from the band of Amos, instead of him SORRELL: But that's impossible

ROYLEDGE: Ah, Sorrell, a great many things are possible. I never thought I'd see the day we bought property from one of my father's slaves. Think of that! Yes, Sorrell, things chonge and return again, as on a wheel. And men grow old. The claims of the past are inexpeable, inexpeable! They cannot be forcomen or denied. SOURCELL! Yes, sir. Nove about this master of Johnson's bouse-

BUTLEDGE (string by the word and speaking for the first time with considerable panaw). My house, Sorrell My house . . . mine! Do you hear! (He turns obruptly and walks to the wondow) SORRELL: I'm sorry I used that word, Mr. But-

nor. BUTLEROU: It's all right, Sorrell. I am not SOURCES (with erest consultances): Whee I meant to say was the house which is entrinally yours but which, by dist of circumstances over which we had no control, but temporarily passed into other hands.

RUTERIOR (throwing buch his head and lough ing gash): My dear boy, who aren't you hold office? (He becomes serious again and a triffe gries in his seconder as he looks and of the grandous's Try as I may, Sorrell, try as I may—by God It goes against the grain!

SORRELL (soothsuply): I know, sir, I know. I quite appreciate your feelings. RUTLEBOR: No. you don't, Surrell. No one can appreciate my feelings. No one can understand the hitterness and despair an the heart of that boy who stood by helpless, while the house of his people was debouched before his eyes!

SORRELL (clarated): Mr. Rutledge, you really shouldn't let yourself go like this! RUTLEDGE: But no one can say I base any bitteries toward these people. If they say that, they lie.

SOMMELL: Ob. no. indeed. Mr. Rutledor. everyone knows what a genemus friend you bave been to them. The best people of both races know Your gifts to the Industrial School, to Colvery

it. Your gifts Church, to—

portance of the occasion. The whole success of the — (He checks kineself) RUTE KINGE: The whole success of what, Sorrell? SORRELL: Why-why-no personal interest, you know, . . . Matter of sentiment with us all. Want to see you get your house. . . . Old homestead, you know. History, tradition, ancestors. You know. . . . History, manuson, ancestous.
REVERDGE: Yes, Surrell, for we are buying back a longdom today, my friend. We are buying back a treasure of memories and manance, so delicate, so race, so far removed from this obserge

RUTLEDGE (working his bend): All right, all

SORRELL: I think we all understand the im-

right. I've tailed too rough. This day his meant

too much to me.

nesh, that I almost hold my brouth whenever I think of it. It's not dead! It's not dead! It sleepsthe one thing I yet dream of. SORRELL: Will you go back there to live pow? BUTLEDGE (with a deep, unusuded cry); My God, man, why dad you say that? (A profound peace) Oh, Serrell, you must beer with me. I'm not myself today. (Sonnyea, Joseph and Lie Buynance enters a young man of torony-five years, raddy, blond,

with straw-colored heir, and harvor and intelligence enough for enyone) Good muraing, Lee. Law. Good morning, father. BUTLEMOR: Where is your mother? Law: I done her downtown. She's shought at the Box Marche. Are you coming home for lunch -she wants to know ROTLEDGE: No. I'll stay in town today

Lee (going): I'll tell ber, then. So long. BUYLEDON (calliar); Lee. Lee: She's waiting, father. RUYLEDGE: So am I, Lee. I have been for a long time. And women was better. LEE (turnise directly): What do you mean? Waiting for what? BUTLEDGE: For the time when you and I may

look at each other and not be afraid to speak. Lux: Do you think we're afraid to speak, father? Don't let that worry you. Isn't everything in this town arranged for you-even mutual understand mes? Let us attend the annual Y.M.C.A. Father and Son hangart next week. You can slee me on the back and call me "old man" and I premise to erin at you BUTLEBOX (swifing): You have a good head and no beart, Lee.

Law: Turn it around: I have heart enough for arrene, but-BUTLEDGE: A good bead, too. Lax: Too good for the place, perhaps. But not

and arrest for you Burry moon: Do I norm that wise to you? LEE: No. You don't seem wise at all to me. We've missed something somewhere-we've no handles to hold to. When I finished college, I went to law school; I was coming into the office with you. It seemed the only thing at the time. But corn when I thought of practiting the law. I had to grin: I had freed with you end heard you talk, and you know too much, father. Once you told me that

if I practised here, it was not so important to know the law as to know the jury. RETERIOR: And on you think that is weare? Lex: No. it is true. But lea't it too had for us that things are true? But it a pity that there's not something useless and wrong that we could believe RUTERDOR: Perhaps I could grow a gostee, and be a Colonel. My father was.

Len: You could, but you'd orin in your whiskers. Did you get your house' RUTLEDGE: I think I shall today. It had white columns once. Old style-it's a beginning. Shall we try it?

Les (looking around): Here! (He turns to go) Burnsons: I am getting old. I am a bath lanely. Two men can hwe together in this world if they've a single bond-whether it be loyalty or dis-

other, sharted and stricken like dumb mutes-

Lux: I don't think you need me, father. You RUTLEDGE: The first god was a man; the first thing he created was a son; but the kines of the earth have lost their language -- we face each and Fatherhood, the one true parent of the spirit, Lest (going): Do you believe in farries?

SQUEEZLE returns. During the conversation with SORBELL, LEE shows manuference, elmost dishbe assered the other's snews speech and menner SORRELL: Oh, Lee, you must get in more often. We're always glad to see you. Lex: Thunks (He storts to no cur)

Science v. Comfidentially, departue king to one safe): Lee, just a word with you; I couldn't help naticing you don't attend church as regularly as to the case of the Country of the co how it is, ray boy. Fee been young, too. It's very pleasant. I know, and a great temptation to go out to the country club on Sunday morning to play trans with a poetty girl (soleussly), but I want to tell you this. Lee, you're coming back here soon to take up your father's profession and to mix in with the businessmen here. Lee, you'll have to attend church regularly if you want to prosper, You can't meet the right kind of people otherwise. Church recorderables is a business useer these days. and you can't afford to overlook it. I want to tell

you, from my own experience, you can do bride or nothing until you have accepted lesus Christ as Les (rother curtiy): Thank you. But I can't afford too many clubs just now. Father, Fil will mother you're not coming. Good by RUYLEDGE: Good-by, son. (Ler poer out) Now to the details of this business. Has a deed of sale been made out?

SORRELL: Helen is filling in the forms now.

(He made toward the baner office) Beynnes (se gree set toses): If he should SORRELL: He can't! He can't. Do you think

he could stand up against the public opinion in BOYLEBOX: They say he's a smort mon. SORBELL: For a Negro, yes. ROTLEMON: He's a mulatto. There's a dif-

ference. SOURELL: Yes. (Lowering his voice and speaktwo in a load whitper, after looking ground con-(mostly) You know, they say his mother-RUTLEBOX: Oh. don't whisper, man! Where by come appear? The monther was as black as the sec

of spades and everybody's noman. Is that a world's SORRELL: She was murdered, wasn't she? Burnamor: Yes, in a doublen row. I believe But the man deserves all the more credit, corning as far as he has. He must have had a hard corr to hoe. I wonder how he she in!

Screens ... Some featurnal pressization sent him to their orphonous and schooled him, and then North to study medicine. (There enters, now, a tell, rother assent-oppositing men, at least fifty years old, but very erect and regorous looking.) Hello! It's Mr. McIntyre. BUTLEDGE: Good morning, McIntre. (In a

cordial measurer) McIservan (coldly): Good morning, Henry Here are the keys to my house. I hope you have RUTLEDGE during this conversation half sits on the table, recurrent one les under hun, and turning

the perce of a pressure. SORBELL: Is everything in order? Mclerres (With a winty mile); Everything. The lettles are on the stove. A tenant can move in at my time, if you find one. Source Good. Now don't you worry a par ticle. Pretty little place like that don't on benefine

long. We'll get you a very favorable price, Profes Mclerrage | 1 hope to, Henry. (Pante) T truth is, that house is almost all I have, and I'm persed for funds, so the sooner the better. SOMMELE: When do you leave for your new

McJerran: This afternoon at four-fifteen, SORRELL: Well, Professor, I'm sorry to see you

McINTYRE: Yes, Henry, I think you are Sometic: Two always said, Professor, that you were the right men in the right place. Of course, I didn't take the Latin any longer than I had to,

and I think you were wrong about the Greek. McInvense: A classical scholar is born, not made.-Nuncipar non fit. Henricus. Source .: Of course. Well, I suppose I'm do-

ine about as well as those that took all that stuff. McINTER: Fre sure you are.
Sommer: I don't believe most of those fellows amount to much anyway. But I really think I got

a great deal out of the manual training and the berthapd, and you had a good influence on all the boys. I'll say that for you, Professor. McIserran: Thank you, Henry. That's very kind of you. And now I'll still you good by. You have my address and know what to do in case of a

SCHUREL: Yes. Well, then, I suppose the best of friends must part, musta't they? Good-by sir. They thake hands end McIntyne turns to go-SORRELL rocs into the inner office. RUTLEDGE: Perhaps you'll let me drive you to

McIserran (coldb): Thank you, no. I have arranged for that. BUYLEDGE (Stowing slightly): Then I can only one you my confial wishes for your success at your McDerross (with quiet hitterness): And thid

I have the wishes at my last? BUTLEDGE (courteously): You doubt it) Mclarrage Where non you, flutheder, in my hour of travail? Where were you, making, in any might stop the cowd, in the wor for freedom and for truth?

RUTLEBOR: Saying a word in praise of Pontius McIntras (with growing excitement): Alding by your silence the order of things established, blocking the path of progress, fostering agreeunce in its victous behafs BUTLEBOX (coldly): Let the botherism keep their contorns. If you would live arrong them, you

must compromise with them. McIstrynn: You can say that! Perhaps you mean, if I had said that evolution was a fact which applied to the lower aremals, but not to man-BUTLEBOR (coldly): That would no doubt suffice. But I believe your conduct was quite difforest. You matched over stobberness against their own; given a chance procefully to retreat, or modify your former statements, you inflamed their

McInyyan: These can be no compromise upon the ground of truth. ROTLEBOR: That is the talk of a schooleanter and of a schoolboy. You told the truth-you sold what has never been known, and what can never be told. McINTYRE: Should I expect accoment from you, Ratledge-you, a defender of the established

BUTLEDGE: Might we not better call it the established disorder? No. Schoolmaster, I am growing old; I am too meany for defense, and the only order I would strive for now has someperhaps hos never been. McDayrun No motter, Butledge, Acoust the mole we must make constant battle.

RUTLEBOR: Against the mob FII wage no war. The mob is faithful only to superstition, now and foeever. I'll reeach no sermons to it. McIscrenz: Nor aid a man whose cause is lost. Bryz.coca: Not to a man whose cause is lost. but to a man whose cause is dell. For you, poor man, are but a smosher-in of opened doors; you are the Gomic Christ who bleeds when martyrdom is dead; the become of the torch of truth after dovlight has come; the contender for a lost cause a half the essential negotion of the mob you pretend to deserge, has for whom you live; like the young

pelican you have pecked your mother's breast-but are no less her child. McINTYRE: And you? BUTTERINGE: Have for you and your kind no dreams, no songs, no prophecies-not even bad ones. Perhaps I am a far and lonely man; an exile in strance lands McIstrene: Too wise, then, for my periodice: too wise for anything except your mockery. How has your life prevailed, then, Rutledge? Is it in for some time; let us sit down. better sort than mine? Your strength, your strength-and nothing in this world for which you Journson (grinning widely): I nevals sits with a white man, Mistah Burkedue. RUTLEDGE: And have you found a place for BUTLEBUE: Gas any of us afford to be so proud,

urs? McINTYRE: Yes, Rutledge, for revolt; for excellent and wise result. BUTLEMOR (speaking with a bit of possion in his roace) Revolt! The last pesture of the orthodox. Bavolt! You tell me I do not know what it means! By God vir. I had dounk roballion to the Ises when cuties wrecked, beauty pullseyd and looted, and the

house of ancient people given to their slaves. Bevolt! What do you know of that, Schoolmaster? It is a literary fashion! I see the bottom of your well -it is not deep-H is not occup.

McIntern: Have you forgotten youth, then, Rotledge? RETLEBER: I have forgotten, and I remember

-for I am growing old, and now I call the lost years rolden -- it seems I was a poet riding on a wind up to a stur; up cagle freed in luminous bright worlds, and all my talk was liberty and love. It seems! It werea-but this I know, that I am represent old, for I belonged with all that idior gowing out, for I becouged with all that acted rightle that we call youth, which can do nothing alone, which calls for liberty and makes the molwhich feeds, cars, dranks, lives, dies toogther; and I have told the old man's he and collect it solden. for I am old. Schoolmaster, and a great hour is blowfor faintly in my beart. McINTYRE: Rutledge, there is no ground on

which we two can meet. Since it must please you, RUYLERGE: And you, Schoolmaster, go to the lexury of your martyrdeen. You have failed here: so too must you fail and be heaten wherever you McIsrynn: Yot, Butkdge, men have a way of feature and being beaten, and presently it anpears these things for which they strove have come to pass. (He goes out) BUTLADGE: Go, happy Son of Jesus! If there ore thorne, you'll find there.

go fill the dorkness with your laughter

BUTLEDGE (Indicating the door): There goes a priceless fool! SORRELL (ever a medictor): A good fellow in many ways, but a bit extreme in his views. (He reas to the door) Oh. Professor, you mustn't forcet your old friends. You must come back and McINTURE (his voice frint and broken down the corridor): PB never come back and see you...

SORREAL Creturning and shringering his shouldere): Well, it's too bad he feels that way. He RUTLEBOR: And now be can eat his heart out but his bosor is saved At this moment the Neuro Ioureson enters. He is about forty years old, of good height, and strong physique, though sowewhat payaghy. He wears good deek cirches ther fit well, and a derive hat

His fectures are broad, heavy, but intelligent; his ohin is astorned by a silky eveter. He hears kingself with considerable disease which at times veryes alightly on prosposity. His longuage is fairly good. though Idromatic, but the tone of his voice is neach the same as that of any other Negro. A mad Negro Issuitter larks forever lighted his votce SORRELL: Good morning, Johnson. We've been expecting you. (Swootkly) Dr. Johnson, you know Mr. Rutledge, of course?

IONNSON: But not to talk to. Everyone knows Mistah Butledge, I recken. RUTLEDGE: We've never met. I believe. How d'ye do, Dr. Johnson? (He extends his hand; the Negro takes (1) SORRELL (ponderossily jorial): Two's a party,

ch. When you talk business. Two leading citizens of both races. Too many cooks. RUTLEDGE: Yest if you please, Sorrell. SORRELL: Well, then, good lack. No personal interest. We stand for service to the community. Always glad to be- (He goes two the inner ROTERDGE (indicating chairs): We may talk

office)

JOSEMBON: A man's got to step high ou' look proud, Mistah Butledge, if his colsh's wrong-BUTLEBOR: Black is a very good color, I believes it can't be seen in the dark

Journson (grinning yellowly): Black! Sho! Who seid black, Mistah Butledge? (He holds has powerful rellow heads, pales sword, ap before ider) Who said black! BUTLEBER (peering with arisone humor): Ah

-vellow! I see. Your father, perhaps, was a JOHNSON (with strong high-throsted longhter loden with open mirth and hidden menoce); sho' must've bern a Ghinaman, Martah Butledee. (Slepson his kuce) An' he sho' ploved a mean

trick on my mothsh-she was a hig black womou. (Wath source immeesnee) Ole Carrie Johnson, you know. Mebbe vo' 'members her' RUTLERGE (superturbed): Maybe. formusion: A ble black woman RUTLAGER: I seem to remember a big black

wornen. I seem to ressember a number of boo black women, but none who stepped high and looked JOHNSON: Black sin't no colab fo' a high-says. RUTLEDGE: Only the vellow men can step high and live high, then? lonneson: I sho' are up drah, ain't D. (Tano

cently) Highest part of town, I reckon. On a good dark night I can look down an' see de lights in all de Niggah shanties. Sho! Mastah Butledge-I can look down f'um wheah I am, an' see all de lights orah in de Whitrtown. (With stellgment suncesser) Why, I reckon if I had a good strawns paich of glasses I could look right into 50' daren room, Mistah Rutkelge. (He langer high so his BUYLINGS CERPTELLIONDESS -- a trifle prev-

foord): A pleasant idea! Thirty thousand dollars. Johnson for the view! Improper. The very's midd my' then that Mistah Batledee, Yes, sah! I don' know who hadle that house, but he sho' done a nice job of it. He ser he wa'n't goin' to live down wid de common fokes; he say he goto' to live war up deals wheals

ROTLEDGE (a week-tonelesde): There thou sand: it is four times what you said. I did not think you'd gouge me. Name your orice Johnson (with eral gravity): An', of co'se, dosh's de house gettin' oft, mebbe, but it sho' was put togethali with good tieshali. (As if saiddenly resonabering) An' sho! I almon' fo got! Deah's de in'nituals. When we moved in to dat ole house we found a lot o' fu'nitush sto'd in de hasement un'

de etter. Yes, such some ole chaialts as 'tables. BUTLEDGE (rising slowly): I want you to go JOHNSON (the does of madees enascore at his loxerator): Yes, sahi When you's vellow, you sho! emoy de view. An' I church de hill alone to oit desh; a black man don' help a yellow any, no, sub. Sho' seems lak a pile o' money, but I reckon

Fil enjoy my view a while. (Longhing encremonsly and modly) Gaw-w-d Almichtes BUTLEDGE CORRESPOND A heavy steel ruler in his hand: his voice almost silenced by pussion): Get out! Get out-or I shall kill you! Sonnext ruther in

SORRELL (passing): You dirty Nigger! You dirty Nigger nesson (rocking with mad laughter): He-

he-he-he- Corne ovab to see us sometime, Mistah. Rutledge. We'll be glad to show you roun' de Smildenly as before he holds up his two his sellow hands before his face, and planges blackly

through the door. His great laughter fills the room SOURCE (breathing nestendily): I was afraid of thus! But he can't hold out assists us. Mr. Rutledge. He can't! We'll put the screws on now RUTLEDGE (in losthing and despair): My

futher owned slaves. Sorrell, think of that! They beer the said laughter down the corridor Silence. Fourtly the piping fatile time is whistled. A longe and suching room for seen at the

Altamost Country Club on a night two weeks leter. The room is floored with red tile, the wells, hing with various sporting prints, are pareiral with oak halfway up. There are comfortable wall seen around the sides of the room, several deep, heavily explicated cheers, and, center, a circular dream On they dream, half rettime, half bolling, in corsect evening dress and somewhat conscious of it, with found red face shipping and hear plantered connectity down, is Mr. JOSEPH BARLEY, the Board

Presently Souns LL comes in with two quests, PROPERSON HUTCHINGS, bend of the Department of Social Welfare at the State University, and the politation, Paus row Caus, the Descounte accepnee for governor of the state. Huyemnus n a small, dapper-looking men as the fifties, very bruk and polished in his monner of speech, and proud of the fact that he is, as he is often told, more like a businessment than a professor. PRESTON CARE es a bag, rather valger, Saxon type, Mond-haired He as somewhat young to be alwast a governor; he is a little over forty. Yet this is not surprisely, timee he began his campage over twenty years before while a student at the unrecessey and has pasked, sushed, pasked, ever since. He is a hand-shaker, a back-slapper, a true exponent of short-sleeve denserucy, for he knows every farmer in his native county by first name. To these redoubtable gifts he adds an obsolute and unscrapaious will to get what he wants most; he will ponder, harpon, comprowers and cheer, and never lose the mule from his face, never lose the hearty genealty of his

nation, he floys a political appearent in the Repul-lican Parry and knots delegately that he has a tincture of Negro blood in his vesus, a pleasant derice that never feels to win results. He is what is cometimes called a man of the people, and our first reflection is that at probably serves them right. SORREAL IS IN Cresmy clothes. PROFESSOR Harveysman ex dressed until and existly in solver his trafer called a "three-batton socie for bassuresseen." PHENTON CARR trears the antiorm of his professton; a carteney and a whote yest with a heary gold chen and an ell's tooth chara. All the men are

by years, unless, or a movement of raphreous infra-

reaching cinera. Sommers (as they outer): Oh, hello, Ion, I didn't know you were here. BAILEY: Yes, my wife is a hostess at the dance you know. (He gets up and advances toward PRESTON CARR) Sir, we've never met, but I don't feel the need of an introduction to the next sever-

nor of the state. I'm gled to know you, sir. I'm a Carr man and a Carr bunter. Cana: I knew that when I saw you. I could rick a Care man out of a crowd. (PRESTON CARR an easy informality in his tone and manner that it pery regularise to those who stend as one

of eventuess. However, this doesn't mediate Berley) BATTAY: The state is looking forward to a creat ers of prospenty and progress under your administratum, Governor, CARR: Now, that's very good of you, but I'm not

elected yet, you know. RAILEY: A more matter of form, su. I often wonder why the Republicans keep sending their men to the polls.

SORREAL. This is lournh Balley, Governor, Carn: What! Not the Joseph Bailey. (Passpa Aise marmly) My dear say, this is a pleasure. I want to thank you for your splendid work in the primanes

Barrier Connetus Inchand's Ob. not at all. Governor. We know the right man when we see here. We wanted a young man and a progressive man and we have him. When I read of that first carepaign speech, with your wonderful slegan-just CARR: "Life and life more abundant for the BARLEY: "Life and life more abundant for the

people of this state."

Care (houses): I thank one. Do you know I beheve that slogan will elect me? People cheer it to BAILEY: And no wonder. That's what I call a real constructive program. "Life and life more abundant " It appeals to the imagination. It shows you see alive to the higher spiritual values. It

people of this state." Wonderful! When I saw that

knew we had the man we wanted—a man with

Support a solo has been troops to now his at-Songgera: Fut on the brokes a minute, Joe, and neet Professor Hutchings of the University. (To the aroup' loe's a great talker!

Ramey: What! Is this Professor Hutchenes of the Department of Social Service? HUTCHINGS: It is, slr, and I know you, too. I scarcely feel we require an introduction BAILEY (they shahe hands): I have long wanted to know the man who edits the University wealth of the state have been an eye-opener to us all. In fact, sir. I believe every constructive program

for the last four wors can be traced back to the Havenmen (modests): Oh we have done our small part, but the success of our pengram was made possible only by such progressive citizens as yourself and the Covernor, who have put their shoulders to the wheel.

Cann (netting the center of the group): There is a new spirit silive in this state today. We have done areat thungs; we will do greater. We are look ing forward -not backward HUYCHINGS. Once the people realize their wealth there is no stopping their progress. The state as a singley empare, self-sefficient and self-sup-We are set, so to speak, pioneer territory Our petrotial wealth has heedly been scratched.

CARR: The interesting thing to me. Professor. HUTCHINGS: Yet, don't you think that is the lorseal starting place for such a movement? CARR : Beyond a doubt. The growth of the uni reports to most the new demands of senses and leadership is the most statifying indication of all What a change since I was a student bere!

HUTCHINGS: Yes, there has been a great chance, which has marked the pasting away of fossifism and old-fogytsm. The university is after to its responsibilities; it looks upon itself as an incubator for the future leadership of the state Cana. Ther's it exactly. Take the change, for instance, in the kind of men who are now teach ing at the university, Take yourcelf, Professor, 1 kness of no better dispersion. (The Prograsson hours shahtly) They are men who are slave to what and in the party. They give public addresses. They

act as if they were not living for teaching alone with as it they were not fitting for teaching mone.

Why, when I was a student, the sid fellow who tought me Greek seted as if nothing else in the world mattered. HUTCHINGS (wash a laugh): Oh, you mean old Billy Bateson. We've pensioned him off. A mor old fellow, you know, but utterly behind the times. We saw he was absolutely unable to crasp the larger significance of things, so we eased him off Soungia. It's just as well you did, I think. I

know when I was in school they tried to get me to take all that stuff, but I couldn't see it that way. I was selling a man, a week or so back, that I thought the whole thing was a mistake-BAILEY: Still, there's something to be said for this culture. When a man comes home at pieht, tired and wern out from his day's work, it's a great thing to be able to pick up a good book and, so to speak, rest his mine Herreurous: Oh. undoubtedly, there's a great

recreational value in the fine arts. We have recognized that in the School of Business Administration and we compel all our freshmen to take a course in the fine arts. CARR: That strikes me as a very sensible and reactival tiles. A man should be regarded out, as it were. (He realers on expansive perture) HUYCHINGS: Yes; we thought so too. So for two

thought education was something incended exclustyely for the use of centlemen and the sons of pentlemen. That has all chanced. The common has mutsted that education should first of all be use-

that has been made in modern education is the stlating of it to everyday life. Fifty years ago we Cann. And rightly so. What other rurnous could it serve SOBBELL: I never had a chance to so to college

hours a week we give our men a course which

BALLEY: Splendid! Fifteen mutates a day works

SORRELL: Of course, a man queht not to be

HUTCHINGS: I consider that the great advance

tive Intersture, and the modern drama-

wonders, I am told.

and there's not a day of my life that I don't regret it. I got my education in the University of Hard Knocks. What I've done, I've done myself CARD. You have no reason to another for that Sources: Ob, I've done well cassigh, but I keep thinking how much better I could've done it

I'd had the chance some fellows have. I was telling to do without a college course in this day and time. The competition's getting too stiff. Herentwes: That spirit is evident now all over the state. We have made the people alive to the necessity of the educational amoram bust as a few good-made program. Lost your our appropriations to state anotherious were greater than these of one

other Southern state. This year we will do still better, if I know the Covernor here CARE. You know your man. I'm for you, tooth BARLEY: That's the greatest thing short our people; when they see a those needs doing, they SOURCE, It seems to use it's up to all of us to do all we can for culture. You've got to sell people

the idea, put the whole thing on a business basis. Why con't other towns in the state show the same print as Altonord? We're reaking a veryly count new of the remic festival in August. SORRELL: Yes, and it's practical, too. We had to guarantee the Philadelphia Symphony twenty thousand dellars to get them here for a week that suremer, but we never lost a cent. The Rosary Club

had underwritten the whole amount in fifteen minutes. We estimated that the festival brought two thousand new visitors to town that week, who spent on an average fifty dollars each. Total: one hundred thousand dollars. BAILEY: To say nothing of the splendid advertising! Every one of those people went away and told their friends. Next summer four thousand will come instead of two thousand. The summer after, eight thousand. Wait a minute! (He figures

capally on a piece of paper) I'm trains to estimate SORRELL: We've got our own music now, and we've put it on a pering bags. Why can't we do the HUTCHINGS: There's no resson in the world why we shouldn't. It's all a matter of initiative

and organization, and we have that in marked de-CARR (in measured plotform speech) We should, we quist, we must fester a notice litera ture, if only to repudinte the vicious slars of our enemies. The sed of our glorious Southland is fairly teeming with native and original geneases who only swaff the sympathetic encouragement of the

state, and the party, to produce immertal master-SOURELL: You have but the not! on the head, Governor. We should encourage our young writers and make it worth their while to stay at home. We

have plenty of local talent, but so much of it goes CARR: Lagree that it is most important to keep these impressionable young writers at home. The North at the present is a bothed of danorrows radicalism, most of which has been fostered by the

BAILEY: Of course, these young fellows get CARE: We must get in touch with these young men-the voters of tomorrow-point out all the advantages of living here, and reclaim them to the fold, so to speak The men, one by one, began to toss away their eigers, preparatory to quantiting the rocon. BAILEY: There's no reason why Altamont should not be the logical place for a great artistic

shilly-shallying of the Republican Party

colors water, scenery, climate—all point to it as on artistic center. They more to pure toward the door.

HUTCHUNGS: These though we need and they will come in their proper order. We are well embarbad on our roads program, enormous strides are being made in the educational system; we are building up a great industrial state; soon our cut-

ton milk will outnumber those of New England These things are necessary and must come if we are to keep abreast of the times. After that-SOTTER Shall we so out now? CARR: We might as well, I suppose. You were soving, Professor HUTCHINGS (in hard, precise towes): After that, I said, we will give the poets a chance (They

payer at the door CARR (galloutly): After you, Professor HUTCHINGS (Atto): You first, my dear Covernor. Everything, you know, in its proper order (So they go out in this order, with Sorrell and flerier beland) BALLEY (with enthanteers): A very stimulation talk! The Covernor is a fine man, isn't he? He's so

SORRELL: Oh, the Covernor is the samplest of men. By the way, have you keard the news? The Nagger Johnson has come across. He'll sign the Apple townsener BAYLEY: That's great business! Now things will racycl I knew he couldn't stand the pressure. The

old man is tickled, 111 bet LEE BUYLEDGE, distorrjacketed, a triffe thubed, and a little bolsterous, exters the room SOURBER: Good evening, Lee. Has your father heard the news? LAR. Yes. There is printring to housen topiche Day out, wild bells. My father is prostented with pry, but expects to recover. (He produces a flesh

freet his pecket) Contlemen, you are both my Lather's friends, his dear kind friends. Will you prin me in drinking by bealth? SORRELL (rather earths): Thank you, not (He goes sut). BARLEY (store hondly): Good luck to you, son.

(He goes out) LEE drinks, and pages restlessly ground the room. Presently there enters Mn. "Read." Payroom a broad-backed, mutow-fisted, huhly-colored young least of twenty-six years; he is coursely beautiful. He has a thick mouth, with a distable reminious lower ifp, extraordisprile mobile and senitive and knowerous; and he has small ears, close to his hond, and a proud straight none.

"BULL" PATTON: General, your orders-if any? Law: Any late disputches from the front, Cap-"BULL": Yes, General, a young lady has been captured in the bushes near beadquarters. LEE (mostering): Strange! In the bushes, you

SEF "BULL": Absolutely alone, General. We suspect her of being Ophelta Saltonstall, the neterious Yan-LEE: Did she look disheveled? Did she have

grass on the back of ber back? Was there our hay or confetti on her person? "BULL": I carnet tell, General—the refuses to talk with the officers. She prefets the privates. JOHNAN exters, coughing in a handberchief Lee (to "Bull"): Major, this is Colonel Become

Jordan of the Back Bay, a Yankee, sir, but by God, every inch a mon

"BULL" (extending his huge pass): Colonel Jordan, give me your hand. We fought under dif ferent floor but, by God, sir, it shall never be said that a Southern mustleman failed to recurrent the merits of a gallant fee. I know a rean when I see one. I prepose the health and the ortistic success of

IORDAN: Gentlemen, I thank you for your good wishes. With diligent effort, there is no grason why I should not fast. I have everything a significant American writer ourbt to lack-including telent. (To Lee) And now, sir, will you join me in a health to our college courade, Major Patton, soldier, gentlemon and, if I do not err, scholar, "Brux.": You do not. Colonel---you do not. Four colleges in five years. The record stands. JOHDAN: And now, I believe, ready to yield his bright talents in the service of the law, where. I have no doubt, the peomise he has shown in the past will become a future certainty. Major, your

BULL'. And now, Colonel, will you join me in drinking the health of the bravest soldier of them all, General Lee Stuort Dinwickie Pettigrew Rutledge- (Loud bigrow mane fills the more: a gul and a key dance by the door, passing before the opening, locked leg to log in sect and ecities) LEE (solemnly oversing the lifted fluid): Stop gentlemen-there is a lady present. (The couple more by out ove cone) Gentlemen. I think you for the warmth of your intentions toward mebut there's snother toost that we can drink with

health.

specter honor to ourselves, and to those lovely cresoures—the crown jewels of our civilye-gation. Gentlemen, I give you the Purity of our Woman-BULL" and Jounney: Amend The Automal with they backs returns, kongrues

She's from Atlants-staying with Mary Todd Wheeler. I want to meet that boby The Young Man, descrive, bytes the Young Lady. LEE: By beaven, gentlemen, the brute has bitten her in the neck. The comple recors on "BULL": I want to be next the next time she

lonnan: Gentlemen, gentlemen:-RUTE EDGE enters the rucou. RUYLEDGE: Jordan, the stars are out, but there is no moon. The landscore mucht as well be quite undervioued and untraproved. It is a good night for talking, will you come home with me JORDAN: Willingly, Butledge, is this year son?

BUTLEDGE: Yes-then, good night, son. RUYLEDGE 2007 JOHNAN 20 OM. Masse Maries. Lee news around nerrously. The dancing pair return again before the opening, possing, sweying. Lux (loadly-sprinning with his hands) Honey - 90 II Strut your stuff! Perfectly safe all the best people—approved by Board of Trade!
"Butt." (serzing lenu): Be quiet, for God's

Law : In your car here? LEE (boiling for the door) Good-by, then! "BULL" (making after lass): Where are you refor2

Lex: Old homestead—always a good broeze— "BULL": Lee! You fool! Come back here! (He follows hore out)

A room to the home of the Negro, Johnson. The room is a spacious high-welled chamber, which yet returns more than a trace of its motion wobsley. There is a door to the left which opens on a hall, and blok. French pringhter at the back which give on a broad perch, flenked by square, heavy, wooden columns of a weather-beaten brown. A fine old murble mantel at the right, opposite the door, now appearts various buts of bric-p-brac; a maked doll, tied with a saik of stained red ribbon.

per years covered with out flowers, a claim half dog, and a small cheep clock. There is a small table to the center of the room on which there is a lighted lawy; elsewhere a coach and several stiff, varnished, horsekele himself on an ornate cosel in the upper left corner.

Coionel Reeves Iordan, the tamous author. (Thry It is night. Below on the slopes of the hill the holits from many a Neuro shack burn a dall, smoky In the distance, and at an elevation but slightly please sharp and alear.

From helow there is the laws of a powerful motor climbing loboriously up the unpawed, lampy A mulatto cirl, someteen years old, enters the room, and goes to the setudow. She is the daughter of the Negyo Johnson. Ske is dressed clearly and

weath, and her course, black bate, which is strotche. as combad flatly down on eather side, and bound to a knot believed. She to well developed, and has thin but not skeep features. The automobile story outside: the motor is throtoled to a low know. In a moment Lex Rev-LKBOK crosses the norch and enters the room. She is somewhat startled by his sudden appearance, but

composes herself quickly, although the thous pleosure by a sudden, swift glown of her eyes and a assessmentery observe of unlose seeth. Lex: Hello, Amic. ANNUE : Hello, Mistah Lee.

Let: I thought I saw you at the window, so I took a chance, and came in. (There is a certain automicioni rasolence in Am resenter. A panie) Annua: Oh, putty well. (A pour) Where're was been keepin' vo'self? I haven't seen ve' in a

lone time. Lee: Oh. husy, mostly, (An awlewerd name, ANNUE: What yo' lookso' at Les (graving): I'm looking at my bouse, Annie. How do you like it? (A name) What've you

ANNEE: Oh-nothin'. (A pense) What's there fo' me to do, anyway? I might as well be in pell as Les: Your old man keeps you pinned down peetty close, doesn't he? (Dance wasse--irez work e very primitive, a very connelling election is heard, somewhere off in the settlement. It is a

little frenker, a little wore vulgar than the dance music played at dances of udute neople) What's ANNE: Oh, the Niggads not givin' a dance, I LEE: Don't you ever go

Assyre (scornfully): What do so' think I am? You don't catch me mixin' up with that black trush (A name) You must've been to a dance whelf.

The automobile islacon honks impenently out-ANNUE: Who's with yo'? Law: Oh, a friend of mire ANNE: Who is he? Do I know him? Law (termship): No. He's a friend of twise. I

Avenue (augereal): How do you know? You don't think you're the only white boy I know, do LTE (ownerd): Ab. you can't feel me.

Where'd you ever set to know any white boys? Aways: Marke where I am to know you Les: Ah, cut it out! (A pouse. Querity:) Where is excreme? ANNUE: Papa's in town. He won't be back till

late. Law: Where's year mother? Ancers: She went to meetin'. LEE (heatermaly): You haven't gone and got

religion, too, have you? Armer: No, an' I'm not goin' to. You don't catch me foolin' with these creav Nigashs, single an' shoutin' and pesym' till two o'clock in the mayorin', semetimes, Lun: You don't go with any of these-people.

ANNER (as if stong by the implication): Pm no Lun (with rather brand wockery): No? What are you, then? The Oueen of Sheba Assem (autienty): Niggahs don't base straight bair like that, do they? (She pass her own. A peace) I are you on the street the other day!

Lug: Did you? (A pouse) I didn't see you. Aware: Yes, you didn't You turned up head samed caper in his fingers, sits on the table, focusg the window and manifold starlight. when you saw me comm'-I saw you! LEE (steraly): What d've take me for? (A incredible corn whiskey, just like my story and, I purse) Yes, I saw you. Don't you ever speak to me on the street again. Annie, You ought to have some

Annus (nausonately): You're speakin' to me now, aun't yo? Lun: Don't be a damn fool! The autorobile histon horks repatiently again.

enough to know better.

ANNUE (with smolderner interness): Yo' friend must be us a hurry. Go on, of you want to. Someone Lee Don't you want to go with me? Annie: Go whesh?

Lys: Ob-for a little ride, up the mountain. ANNE: If I'm not good enough to speak to, I'm not good enough to risk with, I reckon LEE (augusty): Then go to the Nigger dance, if you like: I won't fool with you any longer.

Annax (with the ery of a wounded animal): I don't have to so with Nissohy! I can so with white LEE: Ah-you're craze! He turns to go out. The savege rhythm of the dance music is heard again. The girl's face darkess

with pass and dispast. In a moment she controls herself and speaks quietly, but with a milen note ANNUE: Is yo' found auto', too? LEE: Yes.

ANNUE. I'll get my hat and cost. You'd bettah wait outside Less: That's more like at. We'll be waiting in the car. Make it snappy, won't you? He turns to loose the room, but as he wears the open semious, he is blocked suddenly by the bulky body of the Negro Jounson who has crossed the porch enickly and now enters the room, carefully

planting leaguest bufore the setudours. The Negro's manner betrays a high degree of emotion and super. He breathes heavily and it is some moments before he controls houself sufficiently to speak. Journson (meraly): What're ye' dain' beah. Mutch Lee? The larger settled found has at the Neppo's tone his back stiffens and his head springs up like a lash. He makes no enurer. The Neoro is anyra-

he grasps the young man roughly by the arm. They come to grips, the buy is fostened in the mon's powerful arms and, in the struggle, his soft felt hat it Amnehed off Len (farroanly): Take your hands off me, you down Nigger!

He strikes the Negro a heavy blow to the face which steepers kee, and causes him to real back counse the wall. The how runkes out through the

terndoor. The Negro recovers himself quackly and follows. The god runs to her fother and clings desperately to his own, syring notions. Ours the cor from oil and rushes away down the hill. JOHNSON farms to the girl, and removes her grasp foreship. She retreats under less glave and he ed vances slowly upon her to the end of the scene JOHNSON Chis rellow eyes are staring with

rage): So this is the way you do when my back's tifned! I keens you away from the othah Niovaks. I tril my folks to hold theah beads up-and the minute I get away, yo' reake a whose out of yo'self with a white boy!

left opens to other parts of the loane.

The library of the attorney, Mr. Ratlesine, The room to a leigh, massive chamber, with beauts of quartered ook, and manacotten. The farmings in therene dark and customed unth leather. Here Mr. Ratledge has accomplated a large law library. The looks are racked on both sides of the room to thick, velley roses, High French wondows at the buck open on a broad reronds bordered by a low. keery white rust beyond there is a dark vistor of clarened flower bushes, skrubbery and a specious lawn. A door between the cases of books of the

It is the same mode, A clock to town strikes

eleven traces; the externey Ruttance is discovered

seated at a table on the year, with his back to the

Journay: Butledge, this excellent cope, and this may add, my life, are getting short. I believe I must be going-BUTLEDGE. Then I must resort to bribers there are other ciruss, lorden, and, as for the whoskey, it comes from a keg of charred oak, kept

windows, which are open. JOHEAN, a Josff-con-

Ionnan: Thank you—but I'm much too street a sensualist. Besides, it would not be loval to good RUTLEDGE: Then you have not forecoten lov-JORDAN: No. Butledge, I have not forgotten

legalty. But not the loyalty of my youth to victory, to prosperity, to success. Reversory: To what, then? To lost causes? IORDAN: Yes-and to one above all others: to everlasting Defeat. RUTTERGY: In state of everythear, london, you

will believe in the Dovid Jonnany: I used to think that was his name; now RUTLEBOR: A strange god, Joedan, that no respeciable clerevenian would speak to on the street. Don't you know that successful people must have

a successful need What kind of a said my friend IORDAN: The only one I care to serve. Ast we not always beaten. Buthylas? Does a victorious general lead defeated troops? No, for to be driven into the wilderness with a hunted and defeated god, with all the malign and destructive forces triunrebently in pursuit; to make a final and rainous stand with backs to the face of the celestial chifs.

how fine a thing that would be. Butledge! RUYLEBUE: I agree. Men do not remember Aus trelitz, but Waterloo. IORNAN: And, In later days, to meet some veteran courade, doorsed as well to the eternal exites, to say to him: "I, too, was with Him at the Buttle

of the Clells. The pity of it What leadership He showed that day! In space of all -- burger, wounds, number -- we should have wen, if only --Bryggroup; If only Boelschalt had not applyed JORDAN : Yes! And we should speak again of our hanshed leader, caged but vigilant, on his length

isle, and, prowing old, we should wait with confidence. His seturn. Butledge, how fine a thing that would be! RUTLENGE: Have a drink JORDAN poors witnkey in a gless and drieks. IORDAN: What a piece of work is a god! How veltant in despar! How nagbey in defeat! In all his

numed and thwarted beauty, how like a man't The rum of the sun, the backen shard of overthrown light, on tierr feet he carries his fierce flame through the victorious dark! RUYLEDGE: Have a drink, Jordan.

lorman detaks anate. JOHNAN: And yet be dies eternally-last music

Mas. BUTLEDGE enters the room learner in her hand some sheets of money on which there is seriting. She is a woman in the lete fifties, with

a great those of energy and embassion she has exhausted ropidly and cornectly whotever has held the stage of her fancy from the days of the Montessort Method to the more recent developments in the Drome Leaves. Below all this lor life lies somben, dend; but she has too much income and mtelligence not to take the recount seriously.

JORDAN (taking ku hat, ceremonously): Madon, nothing, I hope, has been lacking to your delight. You alone have been lacking to ours. I must be going

Mas. Revenue: Why must you on now? I have something bere that I bave written. I bad boped to have your opinion on it-sa a critic. lonnant: Not tonight, dear lady. My powers of critic bave been drowned in rum and stacinght.

Mns. RUTLEDGE (rather coperly): Then be fore you go, do tell me of what you have been talking, Mr. Jordan?

Jonnan Of min and loss and the defeated gods. And new I must go to bed, as the doctor ordered. I don't like it. My count keem me awake, and I find I fear the dark as I did when I was a child. Mas. ROTLEDON: Are you ofreed that you will see Sussething in the dark?

JORDAN: No. I think I am afraid that I shall not. Butledge, for this good cheer, thanks. Good mehr. RUYLEBGE: Good night, my frend.

Mas. RUTLEDGE: Good night, Mr. Jordan. (IORDAN goes out under the seinfores, BUTLEDGE snats leasurely at the table and linear binnell over some papers) Oh, dear! I feel a weeck RUTLEBGE (proceeding with his work): Sel-Mus. RUYLEBGE: I'll be glad when this week's

BUTLEBOK: Busy? (He works on) Max. RUTLEBOX: I'm coaching one of the Drama Leneue plays and I must mad a power to the Quill Club Friday, and I've hardly be out it

RUTLANDER (working on): What's—the—sub-Mas. Revilence: The Drama is a Social Force. RUTLEDGE (winds he works): Interesting? Max. RUTLEDGE: Very. There's an awfully good article in the encyclopedia. Gon you give me some help? BUTLEDGE: Alread not: I don't know enough

on the sobject. May BUTLEDGE. At the end of the year we're going to produce three one-act plays written by members of the club. They are to represent the development of the play and the donce in different countries -- Ireland, Bureso, Spain. I'm writing one of them non-RUTLEDON: Ireland, Burna, Spein-un't that a little frantic?

Max. RUTLEDGE: Let me read you the opening He lays shown her pen and looks up tekh consaferable resegnation. BUTLEDGE All right, dear, let's have it. Max. Revisions: It's an irish play.
Revisions: Oh, an frash play? It ought to be

Man. Reviewee: Ob. no. it's not a comode It's a terrible tragedy. The scene's in Ireland. RUTLEHOR (protesting moldly): But, my dear Mas. RUYLEDGE: That doesn't matter. It's a positive advantage, if anything. The play's supposed to take us out of ourselves.

Reviewer: Oh. Luce. MER RUTLEDON: To create a new and wonderfel land of beart's desire. Mea. Burnaper (reads): The scene is the interior of a small fabormon's but-RUTLEDGE: Hada't you better ury, "a faher, mon's small book?"

Man. RUTLEDGE: Perhaps you're right. The scene is the interior of a fisherman's small but on the little island of Mulligaturey, off the west coast of Ireland. RUTLERGE: By the way, what's the name of the play? Mas. RUYLEBGE: I haven't named it yet. Do be quiet, dear. RUYLADGE I'm serry. Go on

Mas. BUYLEDGE (read) on): The walls of the room are draped with fahing nets of light grey, eathered in at intervals, embeatdered with small festours of marine blue fishhooks, hunging here and there. Giant harpoons are in each corner of the recre. RUYLEDGE: Are they whale hunters, 1007 Mas. RUYLEDGE: No, that adds a touch of color. (Reads) At the rise of the curton, the room

is nearly dark, save for the delicate red tints thrown out by a small post fire on the hearth BUTLEDGE: What's a peat fire? Mas. RUTLEDGE: It's Irish coal. New Justice (Reads) Tim, a young Irish fisherman, sits by the fire mending his nets, and presently Maurya, a present girl, comes in, heat beneath a load of faggots which she throws at his feet

RUYLEBOR: Are they married?

Mrs. BUTLEDGE: No, of course not. That all BUTLEBOR: Oh! May, RUTLEBUR (ready): Tim: "Tis otom" Dec been for se loss

Maurya "Oh, 'in pinto' ye've been for me, is 11?" Tion. "Ves. 'fin. hon. Maurya: "Ah, 'tis many a weary day an' night I been winting. Tun, waiting there with the white pig by the brown beards on the green hillade."
Tim: "Ochene! Is it they were new beards, lave?" Maurye: "Yes, brown and new cut is it they were, Tun: "Then, lass, I'm thinkin' they'll do for me

coffin when the sea brings me home, an' the groun tides have combed me red hair on the black rocks." Mauryae "Ochone! It makes me keen to hear ye say that, Tim, and me beart is full sore and wears (She begins to heen softly to herself, after which she runs surfily around the room the a caged anmul. become her breests and moneing, mutil at length also collopses on the floor) BUTLEDGE: Perhaps you can finish it tensor row night, honey, when I have more time to color Max RUTLEDGE: How do you like it so for?

RUYLKDON: Splendid! Lots of color in R. May, Burnapour: Ah! You got that, did you RULLEDGE: Yes, it was very evident. You say there are to be there plays at all)

Mr.s. ROYLEDGE: Yes, Mrs. Bodley is writing one of them, you know. The Burness thing RUTLINGE: Mrs. Board of Trade Bailey Mns. RUTLEDGE: Yes, and Mrs. Parsons is writing a perfectly beautiful play about Spain. ROTLEBGE: Who is Mrs. Parsons?

Mns. RUYLEBGE: Oh, you know her; the dentiet's wife. BETTATION: Denout's wife? Oh! About Socie-Mas. RUYLEBGE: Well, the scenes are in Spain, but the characters see from different places. An Italian tenor falls in love with a Bussian dancer ish toroidar, who loves her also. There's a thrilling score at the end where the toreador opens the gate

and lets the mad built rush over the leaves RUTLEDGE: Is envene burt? Mas. RUYLEDGE: Hurt? They're both billed; stras. ROTLEDGE: Hurt: They're both fulled; snyway, it's going to be perfectly thrilling. ROTLEDGE: I should think you'd have trouble making the bulls behave May, RUTLEDGE: Yes, that is the only difficulty. But the rest of the play goes beaunfully-1 do have wou'll take more true for these thines

hereafter, Will. You really ought, you know. Your position to the consessour demands you show an interest in the finer things of -you're loughing at BUTTATION: Indeed For not May, BUTLEDGE: I don't mind, Will, I have seen you laugh before. And it is better to do a foolish thing than just to breathe. (A posse) You

are ortrine the bouse back. I maderatend? RUTLEDON: Yes, I believe so. The Negro is conting in to sign the papers tomorrow. I believe he reconsidered under the weight of —ah —public orenam. Mas BUTLEDGE Yes-everyone was righteously indignant -as if they cared. I had never known the papers surre so morel. (A name) Well. my dear, since you have wanted it, I am glad you have it. You have wanted so bitle -- so bitle . . . a house-I are glad.

BUYLEDGE: Do houses matter? I wonder now Now that I almost have it, I wonder that I ever Mas. RUTLEBGE: What wall you do with it? RUTLEDGE: God knows. It's a high place -- an odd place. Perhaps Lee will marry some day. I'll

Mas. RUYLEDGE (wincing slightly): Ah, nonot now. (A pouse) Is Lee home yet? RETERIOR: I think not. He has not come in A posse. Mas. RUYLEDGE: He will come in to see you. RUTLEDGE: No doubt. He often does

give to to him-

I suppose.

May Revenue: Do you think it is quite fair. BUTLEDGE. That what is? Mas. RUYLEGE: To take my son away from Burn anex: How you not the resources of your art—Ireland, Burms, Spoin?

Max Reveaper: I did not isk for your mock-RUTLEDGE: And did f not give it to you? Why

ery, but for an answer.

is it, when women lose something, they say it has been taken from them MRS RUTLEBOK: What does it matter what we say - if we always lose? ROTLEBOR: What do you think you have Mas. Revierage: I will name the thing.

though you may smile-at it love A psuse ROTZERICE: I do not smile, you see. Max. RUTLEDGE (amorfy): I loved you once. Burnamer: But now-you have lost that love?

Mus. RUTLEDGE (slowly): No. That is not true. I have not lost my love, Will-I have lost you. For love is something that a wearon has forever-she only find, someone or synething to attach it to. What she leves she may lose, but love she cannot lose. It is been with her, and in her; it is the thing she knows best, the only thing she knows perfectly; it is her only wisdom. RUYLEDGE: And do you think it is wisdom Mrs. RUTLEBOX: No. 1know it to not enough. Does the confession please you, WSD I know that it is not even a very great thing RUYLEDGE: Even though the books and plays

Mas. Burnament: Yes-and say that it is a very great thing. But neither are we women very great people, Will. And we don't grow clever as RUTLEMON: Except we lose—we lose what we have never had. And that, write, is the greatest loss. For it is better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all. Mes. BUTLEDGE: Sometimes I think I shall put out my hand, and touch you but I couldn't; it's too far. (A srind after the curtains) I never fee! the wind now, but somehow I could cry.

BUTLEDGE: I have grown old, but synctimes I think that I remember beaven-and down, and a Max. Revangers. When I was just a little old. all the little curk were price, and were mounts but all the little book - even the rough, lead ones -were lost gods. When spring came, the little early were alid because it was transper, and there raised their voices, but the boys had loadly eyes. BUTLEBOR: I have spen my life on borren land I had strength once, but f have plowed no fur-

row. God went recount into a descrip-Mas. RUTLEDGE: Then, the poor gods, the lest lenely gods, who cannot led the way. RUTLEBOR: I have not asked to be touche, but Max. Burneson (rinns, morine toward the door) My arms are empty—and old. An old weenen's flesh is good for holding nothing. Once I had a god-and a poet-and I lest both. (At the

door) Mrs. King has written us from Glupo -- she is returning in the fall. She has been studying the Chinese theatre-perhaps we shall do something like that next season. The Chinese have no ceam mar, she says. When you say a thing in Chinese, you samply stone the words together. (She ones BUTLEBOR settles down to his work again, but

has kurdly started before the door opens and Lxn. enters, in a monifest and ancontrollable more of excitement. RUTLEDGE pasts down his pen and RUTLENGE (shorply): What is the marreel Why don't you answer, Lee? What is the matter with you? Lex drops into a chair and covers his face with a restore of blind horror. Brununou goes quickly to the door, closes and fesgens at, and returns to where his son is sitting. Quietly | What is the matter, son? You must tell me. LEE finelly raises his head, and sixely gets

with a swollen and discolored eye, enters the room through the window. He is holding Lee's soft grey hat, which was knocked off in the struggle, in his band. The man stands just inside the room, breathing heartly and plering uncertainly about hight. Lex leaps to his feet with an exclamation of orger and surprise. RUYLEDGE steps in frast of Aux and shields how with his body. To the Negro-Who told you to come here at this time of night? What do you want, Johnson? Joneston: Ask we'hoy. He knows RUTI RDOX: Fin in the habit of sending darkers

Lev. Surrose_lust surross_mind_ LEE: Suppose—just stappers—manu-BCTLEDGE Yes, go on! LEE: Suppose a Nigger, a diety Nigger, put

Burnarias (stensiv): Who has done that to

you Lee? What her hannened? Come now: I must know. (The Negro Jourson, do hereled and

control over humself

to my hath door, Johnson, and I make no exception Journager: That didn't keen vo' boy from comie' right into my front do' tonight, without sokus' no RUTLEBER turns and looks responsible at his JOHNSON Throught his hat to him. Healt it is! (He torses it on the table) I found him with my gel tonight an' I want to tell you he's lucky to be stunding where he is RUTLEROR (white-freed): Get out, Johnson JOHNSON: All right, I'm gotn', but, whate men, I want to sell you there ain't never going to be any

dealer's between you and me. I'm through with The Negro page out, BUYLADGE turns to his ROTLEDGE: Is this true? Thrre is a postic. LEE: Yes. I'll go away. RUTLEDGE. Go where LEE (turning owny): Oh, God, I don't know! BUTLEDGE (exactly and freely): You'll do nothing of the sort, Lee. (He part his hand upon

Law (terrethron desperately): Don't talk about it. RUTLEBOR: I shall not talk about it. But there is no language greater than silence— Less (roong): Then let me go, if R means that BUTLEDGE: Watt. I do not blame you. You have seven me something to guited between us. I wash at were a botter thing; but men should enter semewhere together-hell or horren. Now, stace there can be no speech between us, premise me

that you will keep that ellence-Lux (desperately): Father! BUTLEBUEY Promise Lun: I pron BUTLEBOX: That no matter what hoppens to either of us, we will set and live as if this day had never happened --Lun; Yes, I receive. BUTLABUR. - Except for alence. Except for

dience. The high puring time, for off. Scene 7 A bridgens suite in the Alternoot Inn. The Inn. which is built of grey uncur stone and riofed in

bullourney red trie, is in the English style, and is a most fasksomeble hosteley. All of its apartments are appropriately manual. This one lessy, the ritle of "Ye Swaggerse," stendied in Old English letters

There is a living room and a leadnoon, farnished sentefully in block wolant. We see look rooms and It is widnight of the same day. A bubble of visces is heard before the run of the curtors. his apartment, engaged in conversation with three guests: BAILEY, SORRELL and PROPERSON HUYCHINGS. He has been reneurse his compagn pledges, engaging in intimate anecdate, and enuperative the audifications for leadership PRESTON CARR: . . . My friends, you can't fool the people. They know there man. The common successful of markind is infallible. Then what is it that the people demand first of all in RAULEY: Personality; snap, ginger, pep? He must be a live wire.

PRESTON CARR. Ther's part of it; that's another way of saying he must have imagination. Yes, my friends, imagination's the thing-

PRESTON CARE: Yes. That's the some thing too. When my opponent come out in favor of evolution in his speech at the university, he made the greatest mostake of his political career. He showed no imagination. I took him up like a flosh. Which shall it be?" I said to my constituents "Which shall it be? God or Monkey?" And when election day came, you know the result; they rallied to my standard. That night the males of victory were perched sloft on the banner of Preston Carr, while that of I. Vance Lewis dragged in the

dust of ignorrosses defeat BALLEY (ande to Sorrell'): He stirs my blood when he talks like this SORBURY County to Burley by He's or his book HUTCHISCO (coughing dryly and nervoyaly): Strictly speaking, of course, in regard to evolution, PRESTON CARR: The facts! What do we care

for the facts? This is politics-not a cumus report. It is my duty to especial to the immediation. I know I choose to touch the susegnation—and I sweep the BARLEY (quoting): "Life and life more about dant for all the people of this great state. PRESTON CARE Exactly. There you have at That's imagination. "God or Monkey! Which?" There you have it again. That's imagination. The

thing sticks; their minds toke fire at an idea poetscally expressed. Gentlemen, in my opinion, God and good weather are the two greatest compaign issues the Democratic Party has ever had. As you I made the point that our great party had always obesed and feared the one and controlled the other. And you know the result!

BAILEY, SORRELL: You swept the state. PRESTON CARR: Exacely. HUYCHUNGS (rather toxidly): Of course the PRESCHOOL CARD (SCOTHARDY): The factof Why.

man slove. I had the facts! I used 'em. I resent I revered core housely that the only time the Republican Purry has over been in posser in this store since the Civil War, we had a falling off in church attendance and the coldest winter known to history. If those gren't facts, what are they? HUYCHINGS (topping hir fingertips): You strive for the Illusion of a blaker reality, in it were

the truth that has behind walter Why Course nor, you are a pinksopher—an Aristotelani BALLEY (to Serrell): You heard that, didn't PRESTON CARR: Of course now that I am in office I ratend to recovery the facts. My more shall be littled to that of Peopless. We shall so forward

together. You know my views on the reads pergram, the education appropriations bill, the fish-eries endowment and other progressive measures. When I go out of office four years from now I want trust be made to the masses of the people, that he has carried out in full his campaign promises to his constituents, and that he has done more for the cause of progress than any governor this state has

SORRELL: We know you'll do it too, Governor. BAILEY: Yours will be a notable administration. PRESTON CARR: My friends, I thouk you for

these expressions of your confidence. (He gets up and makes a anick little bow) Harranges (Isology at his words). Much or I hate to disturb so pleasant and informative a discussion. I think we had better disserse now. It is past twelve, and the Governor has a hard day mapped out tomorrow.

BALLEY: Can it be so late? When the Governor speaks, the hours become minutes PRESTON CARR (becoming confidential): 1 don't like to send you hove away -about -courty handred. I am exempeded of what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, So, if the Professor here doesn't think it will disagree with his academic dignity (All length heartsly) we mucht take a little rup before you so. ernor, professors may have changed more than you suspect, since you were a student

PERSYON CARE: Then-if you'll wait just a minute, boys. (He goes into his bedroom) BAILEY. He's a regular fellow in every way, HOTCHINGS: All great men are simple and un-

affected in their ways. . . . It's a sure test of their SOURCEA: What a fine figure of a mon the Governor is! He carries himself as straight as a god BATLEY: What shoulders he has! He could carry on ox on them! Think of it! The destines of this proof state are on that mun's shoulders for four years. And he sat there talking to us toroght like any plain citizen. HUTCHINGS: I am disposed to admire the Governor's head more than any other physical attrac-

tion he has. What a way he has of tossing it like an energ hell, when depositing an appropriat or when exposing some victous and corrupt practice. What a forchead! What a splended mone of hafe! Daving this time Covergon Prestor Care has been preparing the heverage in his bedroom. We not him enter, please anichly hark to see if he he tokes a quart bottle, which bears in high letters the word "Alcohol," surmounted by a shall and crossbones. He weakes this label off at the hanuand fills the buttle, which is already half full, with morer, shaking the mistage seell, and attention to the door, he tokes a small flesh from his hip pocket. drinks deeply, and returns it. This done, he sets the bottle and reveral plants on a tray, and returns to the large room. The seen make the customary

exclamations of partal surprise. BAILEY Am I seeing straight! SORRERA! Bight from the old well, ch. Goore.

The Governon ever hon sharply PRESTON CARRY I home you'll like this. A constituent sent it to me, and said at was really good corn whiskey. (PRESTON CARR gives each great a almy and years for Bassay first | Say when! Barrey Wheel Science When

BARLEY (hfring his glass): Well-here's look ing at you, Governor! SORBELL: Wall I propose a tossil (They marce. He is select a majorist advance his torus then proceeds) May our Governor's reign be as naccessful as his intentions are honest; May be bave faithful followers, vidostrious assistants, and devoted friends; Finally, may be achieve for himself what he has so elemently promised his constitpents: "Life and life more abandant?" The three sars touch slaves and dresh. The

Heremana: When!

and Somman cube their drunks down; the Prorasson coughs and pape a little. PRESTON CARR: How is it, boys? SORRELL (doggedly): Splendid! BARLEY (weakly): The best I ever tested! Hurramon (where he mouth). Yes, a strong but not unpleasant beverage. BAD EY: A Bittle strong, but splended stuff Thanks for the entertainment, Governor,

PRESTON CARR: The debt is usine. You must all come agam. SOURCE : Thank was Good wight Covernor. HUTCHINGS: Good night and pleasant dreams, Governor. We'll meet soon again, I hope, at the

entversity PRESTON CARRY Yes, how, I nest we shall Good night They all go out. The GOVERNOR closes the above carefully when they are gone. He replaces the tray and glosses, and puts the bottle in his traveling log. Retarming to the living room he token a small, blue rotume from his desh, thumbs the pages until he finds what he is looking for, reads intently, puts the book down, and reneate: Glams thou art, and ponders deeply on this for a moment, then replaces the book in the deak. He soes to the mirror of his dresser and considers houself carefully, in all his espects: now steruly frowning, now playfully condines now unth hands folded before Arm, now bekind, now profile, now front two. He even tokes a conall surreor and revolves shortly in order to see houself from all augles. This done, the Gorernor prepares to go to bed, he goes first to the door, opens it astickly and peers out. He then closes it, locks it, and male on it hard several tower to make sure his work as secure. He wash up a small piece of mover and ranse at suco the keybole with his penharje. Next he draws up a small ray and

pastes along the edges of the door. He goes to the

phone and says to the horel clerk below. This is

the Honorable Presson Carr. I am not to be called

or disturbed by anyone until rune o'clock tomorrow

morning. He goes to the closes, explores it thor-

oughly, then closes the door and locks it. He gots to the avaidor, looks out, down, and to eather side. they will the shade conviletely down and tooks it hed. He cover back quickly and takes a second look under the bed. Then, he begon to durobe, First he removes his towper, folds it with tender care, and you it he male under his pillow. Then he takes one a glessering set of false teeth, which he seashes at the busin, and past on hit deesser. Then he pulls off his shoes and takes our corefully three sees of fafte soles and a pay of leather arches. He then pulls off his cost and takes from under the shoulders a thick pair of shoulder pads; then he resource the shoulder braces which give him his erect approximes. He assis of his thirt and usflusier loadslide to its maddle regions is visible. He goes behind a close Chere set must supplied photogearly) and resucces his andersear, three puts in eil, disclosing a flabby, mortied and sear-pated torso, selech flows down to the bulging mountain of his belly. Shirering, and displaying evidences of the atteout trepulation, he takes his paparent from the chair and dons them, after which he sig toes softly to the door and flatens intendly for a manner Apparently satisfied, he returns and as about to turn off the lights, when his mange in the and matters touchlessly and meoberently. Failing to auderstand hissaelf. he sicks up his teath from the dresser, cleps them unto his mosth, and rements occur. Glassia then set, and Compley and shalt be what thus art promised. He removes the

testh, ruts them on the dresser, takes a frightenna

correy of the room, and a fugative look under the

bed, switches the light off, and leave beneath the

There is tolence and obsolute influent for a mo-

secut. Then in the diss light, the bedelothes move,

the tokite wedge of his face comes slowly as view,

and as slowly aplifts itself. Slowly, shadderswely,

he climbs from his bul and goes down on his knees, need his face is afted in prayer, and his hands folded in supplication. The grayer is silent. A bright supombesse increases through the crack to the curtain and gilds his buld bead, in poets: physic, "an invertally whoe." governor at his swarer, it is well to explain that, in engalfing darkness, which blass out live, form and perspective, and which rives a rest and empty look to through he often seems no more than a small, pades, and rather terreful boy And here, as the story wraters say, let us leave

It is the next morning, and the scene is egite the street in Durktown brought closer to view autil

have to his orrests.

small majetto, e little mon with a therp, furtere face, and with no gift for silence, or his rapid, clustering conversation discloses. There is some volvide, biol-pirched elegantring, in the properture ploupses he offerds as of pleasing white teeth, and on the ambuffled pertuncate of his attempts to menuncte convergation with Au suffer, monorallabaneighbor. Thu Negro's assee is Pickens Gapp-This pair will presently be poused by other from neuropapers, which he wers so seater, and pornant enough to be named.

There couses, from time to trive, from another part of the lot, the towns of hansvers and the ratting of a ceasest accer, indicating that workers are engaged an construction nearby. There is also Affixed to the brick wall is a large, brilliantly colored poster, assistencing the arrival in Altanout, on at fortieth sunnel tour, of the Al G. Fuelds PICKERS GAPPNEY: I heals dat Jones woman's

one are only one side of the words for and the

building which contains the dary foologe resten

rast and the errory fried foods, and on the other

dock and smake-filled madeson.

sole, separated only by a flower board paration, the

At first only two young Negro wen are present

on the street. One as a larve black Name collect

Samw-Foot, a stupid, sallew-appearing, and ther-

cuighly victions member of his race. The other is a

un de lockep again. SLEW-FOOT (m surly tones): What Jones wo-PICEENS GARWNEY Land, how-you ought to know her, you laid up wat her enough. Carrie

SLEW-FOOT. How do I know who you's talken' 'boat? Dey's mo'n one Jones woman, dey's a millon. Speak so's I beah yo'. Nursah. After this, conversation languishes somewher, but not for four PECKENS GAFFNEY: Is you givine to de dance timaths? Screw Food What dance? Libra's know nothin'

PICKENS GAPPIEY: De donce et de Y.M.L. Starte Foor: How'd Direct which dance you're talkin' boot? Azaru there is a hall. PECKENE GAPPREY: Is yo' seen dat bright-

skinned Niggah dat's been onto' room' wid his co-Stree-Form: What bright-skinned Norsch? Dey's a milion bright-skinned Niggahs PICKENS GAPPING (abowing some sign of arritation): Look heab, big boy, don't you evely see nothin' to you undebuten's n? SLEW-FORCE: You got to talk m'e I beak was Nuzzah I sin't zo mind readah FICKENS GAFFREY: I mean dot brisbs aktorned fellah fum de Nowth. He beiongs to one o' dem.

SLEW-FOOT: How dey gwine to do dat? PICKENS GAPPREY: Dev goto' to for hit so's we kin ride on de same seats in de street kvars wid de white fully, and at nex' to dem in de shows, and est in de some cotin' ploces wad dem-SLEW-FOOT. Go on, boy! Yo' kin do dat right now in Bawston. Dickens Garracky: Sho'l Ain't dev no firm Crow up dere? SLEW-FOOT (maxime immerstrade): Box. dev.

don't know what it is SAM TIPTON, a broad-faced, granting young Negro, makes his appearance, and yours the group PICKENS GAFFREY: Healt's ole Sun Tipton! When' yo' git out, boy?

SLEW-FOOT (surhiy): You been on de gang. ain't yo'? Sant (rather insolently): Mus' is, Niggah. St.rw-Foot (briligerently): Who tol' you to call me Niggab, Numb?

Sase (also in a kontile measure): Don' call me no Nigrah, Niccob! SLEW-FOOT: Who do yo' think yo' is, boy? Don't so gistin' bigstly 'roun mel

SAM: Shut up, Niggsh, or I'll call you what SEEW-Foor: Don' you cass me, Niggah! PICKENS GAFFNEY (the mediator): Thesh so ole granddaddy's jos' got posd a pow'ful lot o' money by de white felks fo' his place. SAM (proud in the consciousness of newly acquired wealth): She'! De cle man's lousy wid money. He don't know what to do wid it. PREMENS GAFFNEY (longking loadly): I

recken you know! Don't you, how? Sam: I reckon I does. I'm guin' to hab me some of dat money. PICKENS GAFFNEY: Lwish I had some money right now. I'd pack up an' take a trip Nawth. Sam: Uh, sak, boy! Dat don' so fo' me

PACKENS GAPPREY: Sho'; you ought to heah de ole Slew-Foot tell boot Bauston SAM: What bout Breston, boy? PHERENS GARPNEY: Dat place mus' be Niggah Heisven. Dry sin't no Jim Grow up dere-

SAM: What good dat do? PICKENS GAFFREY. Ole Slew-Foot Say you can sit on de seme seuts an' est offen de come rables Sass What good dat do, boy? SLEW-FOOT: Dev treats you like a sinkman

up dere, dat's what. You'se jest as mood as a whate Sam: Yes, vo' is! Don' tell me, Nireah. Hf all dat cutte/ un' sattin' wid dem at de table made you's good as de white folks, whyn't yo' stay up dere wid 'em? SLEW-Foor (millenly): Aw, I don't like de dama cel' weathan dev has

SAM (reornfully): Estin' at de tables wid 'em was you? Yes, you want Big boy, when you got back home, you don't keek like you'd been doin' out, an' of dev hadn't sent you on de gang fo' dat cuttin' scrape, you'd a stahwed to death-Other Negro men come up from time to time to you the party. They listen in, and occasionally all a remark of their own A Neono Mass: Well, h'it'll be movin' day to:

or Nershs soon. AMOTHER: We not ough awduly to sit out on Neeno Man: Dut only give us two weeks. Personal Garrings: Wheah is vo' movin' to? Thereo Neuro Mare: I'm goin' to wok fo' de tonn'ry an' get one of dere houses down by de tracks. It's cloudy fo' me dem, amyear, SECOND NEORO MAN: You tung'er folks to all

right. But what best desc other Niggaha? Dev's shoutin' us 'way oven to de Hollow on de othat-FOURTH NEGRO MAN: Don' know how if's goin' to seem bein' so fah off. Dis seems home to me now. I neveh lived nowhere else. SLEW-FOOT: Well, of I didn't want to go, I wouldn' on, an' dev wouldn' bader me.

Sast: Dat's strong talk, but hor! I've seen Nicgalo like yo' befo'; dev's a whole rang of 'em out dere wher' I come from, makin' bitle 'uns out's h4g PICKERS GAPPREY (showing his seeth): Dat doctah man didn't take none o' dere sass. He tol 'ern he wan't ewine to sell 'less he wanted to Sam: Whof's det got do wid dese Niegalia heah? He owns do house he's livin' in, don' he? PICKENS GAFFICET (ampillingly): Yeah, I

spec' he do SAM: Well, den, what you talkin' bout? Sacosa Nacao Mani He come cross, desoh He tol' 'em de othah day he'd sell h'it. Amorrana: Uh. uh. bor! He am't owine to now. I seen him dis mawnin'. He say he change A sensetion in the crosed, and startled excises-

has mon move of "No," "Go on, boy," and "Sho" PICKETS GAPPNEY (granting excitedly): De ole doc aun't lettun' no one bors hem roun' Nacaso Mare: He's buidin' out fo' mo' money, dat's what he's don'. An Otner Man: He's a denn fool, den. Dey's areffuled him twice as much as de place is wath PICKERS GAPPREY: Ef I was bim I'd hol' out till dey arefished him three times as much.

OLDER MAN: Yesh, but dev sin't gois' to lissen to no holdun. SLEW-Foot Country on center of the store Dat's de way dey does us, now. We was good enough to go to France on fight for 'em; now we ain't good enough to tremp on SAM: Uh, ah. Lissen to Gen'l Puhahing! The other men lough and madee cach other,

OLDER MAN: Yeah, an' vou'd tu'n up misun'.

too. Dose white men ain't gwine to fool wad him.

atm't dev?

Scaw-Foot (bellgerently): What you shovin' SAM: You went to France and fought fo' 'em. didn' you? SLEW-Foor: Who says I didn'? I kin show you my ticket. De man give me my cabd an' says: "You

SAM: Big boy, you sho' was consideable. But when'd you do any fighten' in France? What'd you do, Niggahi SLEW-FOOT. Sam: Me? Who said anything bout me? You don' besh me gein' roun' braggin' and blowin bout what I done, does you? No. I duln't do no

me' den you. We was befe hack dere loadin' de hoats an' haolin' de truck secon's dat's de only fightin' you done, Niggoh, 'cause I was right deec wid you. You ain't nevah seen none o' dose Gum mans, boy; you ain't even seen a pictuah uy 'em. Surw-Foor (milesty): I recken I'd a gawn Sant: Den I reckon doy'd have to a-curried you. how, 'case you sho-Gawd wouldn' have been able There is a roar of laughter at this sally, and

Saxw-Foot research his persecutor with most evil looks. At this moment UNCLE Assos Tonn comes by. As he nears the crowd, his face sets in a heavy record: he watters owincesty to kinuself, and he grips his case a fittle more tightly. The Negroes, who are in a gov humor now, sense the opportunity A NEURO Man (calling lously): Hello, Unck

Assos makes no amoure, but moves on. Assortion: He ain't speakin' to us sence he got his money. A Tourney Dat olof's Unche Amos Dor's Mistals In Pierront. There is another roar of launkter at this thrust. still Areos moves on. Then the young Negro Sans beater to whictle softly a little ture to which the old uses appears to keep step. He recognites inmodiately the mores of his groudson's visice, and tarns angrify, broadstant his case. Asson: You nesty, good for nethon' theng, musin'

up wid dat black trash dere. Dey'll git you on de gang again, dat's what dey'll do. Ain't you got no shame, boy? You won't wak, you wun't do nothin' but set aroun' wad dat black truck dere. You re res' plans no 'count on' shoftless-dat's what you is. Why ain't you out findin' a job like you would ef Sam (inspectally): What fo'? I don' hole to wark now. You is rich now.

There is another burst of longitter from the Asson (brandshing his case): You don't got nother' furn me, hor, not a penns, "He turns as enddenly, but returns auctn) Somebody ought to take a stick to you...day's what you work. (He eoes on, followed by the laughter of the crosed A small muletto Negro, very well drawed, and trearms spectacles to which a cord is attached. oppears as the street bearing a sheaf of neurpapers under his orm. The Negroes regard little curiously.

PICKESS GAPPERY (in a whitper to the mus : Den's dat briebt-skonned Nagrab fum de Sam: Uh, ah! Ain't he sump'n, dough! Look at dat strut! The Nerro surveys the scene for a moment. exples the naturated poster on the side of this brick

wall, costs are to st. and tears it off. This action reconficitly pains Sam deeply, for he leves the brinkt colore SAM (protenting): Look out, dere, big boy! What we don'? THE MAN (ming very good English with a New Explend eccent): I'm asking you to stand up for your rights, my friends. We'll put an end to the Negroes, who become suddenly quiet and make a weak for him, as he court by. Finally the curiosity where man's construct for once and for all. This is all part of their propaganda to make a race of of Pickens Gappney emboldens him to speak. haffeens out of us. Sane: Sho'! Is day tryin' to do dat? house aftah all, doctah The Negroes gather around their Northern (He turns abrayely and faces the silent, abushed group) No. I strit sellin! They can't make me get brother, staring at him curiously. THE Mass: A numstrel show, my friends, think of it -a minsted show made up of white men who

noke fun at our race. I'm surprised that you have stood for it so long. Where I come from we wouldn't tolerate it five minutes. Sam: Where is you fore, his boy)

THE MAN (coldly): My name is Sykes. Sam (auruffled): Where is you from, Sykes? THE MAN: I'm from Boston. (He passes for this to take effect. They press in close, picking on Arm with open wonthed wonder Sam: Don't dev have no minsfel shows up dere? SYKES: Not until a committee of citizens of our race have decided that it contains no matter that

would assult or injure our feelings. Sava: An' what of hit does, has bor? Synce: Who we protest to the move PICKERS GAPPINEY (triamphently): Uh, ah! Yo' heah's dat, don't you? Dut's de place fo' me. l'ee goin' soon's I gat de kyar farah. Same: Hush yo' moulf boy, Don't you want t'see

no mo' minst'el shows? Sawas- New yor friends. I have a few corses of a newspaper which should be in the horse of every person of color in America: The Glorion Call. I'm mine to give a copy to each of you today and I hope you read it carefully and musage to take out a year's subscription as well. (He begins to pust Copies of the paper around')
PICKENS GAFFNEY: Dis beah's de same as de

Syuns (who has fixethed distributing the papers): Now, my friends, I hope you will all come to hear me when I speak tonight at your local Sant: Ye' picked a had night, bug boy. De missfel show's in town. SYKES: Surely, my friends, you wouldn't up to a mineted show, which will only insult and make

one I showed you.

fun of you, when you can come and hear me explan the purpose of that wonderful covanization in the North which is doing so much to promote and alleriste your condition PICKERS GAPPINEY: Does you belone to dis heah sabstety I heahs so much about? Syren: I am one of its traveling secretaries Sans: Whot's de name of dis heah solutery? STREET Its full title to the Society for the Penmotion of Bretherly Love, Racad Equality, and

Humanitation Principles Between the Colored and White People. If any of you are ever in tenable of any kind, my friends, just write us and we will respond with friendly and sympathetic advice PICKENS GATENEY: And der no showt was of servin' dat name? STREE: I'll wrate it out for you. Sase: Dat's sho' a consideable ushelery. SYKES: My friends, I come to you with inling-

of a better day—a day when strife and bitterness will have died from the earth, when hatred and prejudice will have passed away, when the color and white men will live together as the brothers they are and should be A Yours. You tell 'em his boy!

Sant: What of de white men don't want to be Syrry (ferroly): Then we'll force them our dresen of brotherbood must be scalined and realized it will be, if we have to shoot down the first white

man that gets in our way. SLEW-FOOT: Now you's talking Sase: Yesh, he's talkin', Niggah, but he'll be pushin' datsies 'fo' long, of he keeps dat up!

JOHNSON appears to the street, a grin and un-

come. There is no admission chares-

SYKES: Topusht I am come to talk to you of the infamous plot of the white men of your town who want to gob you of your homes in order to fill these own pockets with the wealth you have created for them. Remember, the time is tomobs at eight o'clock, my friends. I hope you will all manage to

losesson (carrly): You hear a lot, don't you? off. I'm not like some folks who let themselves be boked aroun' from pillar to post. A Mare I recken we got to go when they tells us, doc. We sin't like you: we don't own nothin', so what can we do? JOHNSON (concemptuously): Yes, you have to

unting figure. His manner forbids and repels the

PICKENS GAPPINET: I heab you sin't sellin' de

go! Of co'se you do, you'll go wherever they tell up like men you wouldn't have to go anywhere. They couldn't budge you. Sygns (application with his heads): Hear! There are exclanations in the crossl and a gen

eral gathering in. Someone says, "Get up done and tell us 'beat it, doe," and others say, "Dar's right, git up dere, doc." The Negro appears to heiltore a lounton (from the mound): Yes, the white men owns the place, but you've paid him rent enough to have hought it four times over. Now, kick you off without carin' whether you freeze or

Sygne: It's all neet of the contalist conspiracy to crash our race, just as L. Gries of, "Shut up," "Hush," "Be quiet, man. JOHNSON: If you were whate men living down here, do you suppose these people in town would kick you off iffice this? (There are cries of "No!" from the cross!) No! The white man knows too much for that. He knows that his own kind are zeen, and expect to be treated like men, and fight back like men. He thinks that you are does and will white like a dog when he kicks you, and he

does with you just as he likes. A Voscu: Dat's right, doc. We's as good as de white men. De bright-skin man say so.
Journson: No. Niggah, you ain't as good as he

is. You're a lone way from it. You sin't even as good as I are. Syans (glibby): Education will change all that Journson: No, it won't; it's mo' than that. You can't give a man a few books, you can't teach him to read or write, an' make him ovah. I've known whote men that couldn't read, but they held their boads up and Bond in their corn homes, and took care of their womenfolks and fought for 'em. The white man makes lows for himself and makes you live up to 'em. He builds juils an' purs you in 'em His wife been children an' your wife nurses 'em The whote man behaves in a those an' study to it an' fishes for it. What do you do-you Niggoha! All of you have worked for the white man; you have run his errands an' done his chores all vo' life. An what's be done fo' you? I'll tell you what he's done, Niggabs. He's given you all them yellow skins I see down there. He's crep' up behind yo' houses in the dark on gone to bed with your wife an daugh

white man fo' you! (He loughs with light-throated analysis - his vellow eves diletone. Anery ones in the crowd) If you serve the white man he will pay yor, if you bow and scrape to him, he will have a good word for you, if you act like a monkey before hire, he will lough at you an' give you mency. As long as you set like a dog, the white man will treat you like a doz, and be a good master, he'll feed you. he'll not you on the head, be'll be good enough to you-maybe. But act like a man and he'll hate you, and he'll want to kill yo' Excited maryours and shouts, and a neutral pressing in. Youce In Cauwn: What we goin' to do, doc?

put you off the place, tell 'em you ain't eain' to

ter; an' if she probe to him in the street the next

due he'd knock her down with her feet. That's the

Josepson: What yo' goin' to do? Why, yo'll do like you always done, Niggaha. Yo'll take it lyin down. (With milden fierce exhortation) Why don't vo' do like I do? Stand on vo' feet an' act like a mon, an' take yo' chances. When they come to more, an' they can't do enything to you. How can they' Tell' can you've post their reast, an' if they gove you time you'll buy their houses, but that this is your teem an' they can't take a from you an' kick you out to build up another. There is a row of approval from the most, and

skeate of "You tell on, doe," "That's the way to do it," and so os. Voice In Cnown: Who's grilse to stry wid us, doe, an tell us what to do?

Johnstore: Mr. I'll stick to you as long as you slick to me.

Another roar from the crossed.

SLEW-FOOT: We's used you, deet We'll slick to

yea, doc! SAM (pleasantly scornful): Don't lines to de black buttshids, doc. Dey can't stick to moliin! Crists of sugar and disapproval on the cross!

SLEW-FOOT (INFRACING!): Who's you callin' is black hastabil, Niggab' Same Fise callin' you all, but Foe lookin' at you, leg boy. SLEW-FOOT: Wait till I git my knife, Niggabil (He reaches for at) JOHNSOOT: Come on, Niggabil None o' that,

trying to ottoest there aftensiase by shouts, My gentates of the area, and it is various and their ways, I as they per no ettention to him.

The man Starts, who has been left behand, preacuitly gots oree and joins (the crossed, And now, obser the confluents, there is the toward of amort, of a hierite, break hend, and of the heatings of hig density. After it is 1 lovely estible, then it coverdensity and current of the predictionates above the shouts and current of the predictionates above the shouts and current of the predictionates above the

loch is each other and cry joyfully. 'Minist'd Shari' has no pilled great as pulled sparer and placed on their feet, and in a suscent the whole, knowling, possiling pack, Syrges meladed, remits ort and up the streets of the derection of the water, learning classes and storming possiling their better the Negares returned, and plantify their bits. One of the Negares returned, busility, and bechosing to Journals to follow, criter "Minist'd Sary, doc," and desergeries."

Persently be comes down from the sand pile and, as if accomosoms of his set, bench and acrapes up a hardford of the soud.

The poster that Synam has midded to the until extract his attention, like hig fur taglones convenionely, and the soud sparts out through his fingertion, and the soud sparts out through his fingertion.

The heavy blaring using and the heavy bounting distant new tempo desire upon the single in great hydrium heart of stand, it to rest to if it is ofference with the single in great hydrium heart of stand. It terest or if it is ofference used of mute, it will presently converge out the scene before in. The nature in the stane, foother, excurrent times that how how portrainely whiteled, the converted times that how how portrainely whiteled. The Nepte terms, with which and mysichlery feetners, and wellst rapidly story shave the tireet, is a direction consolid to that technologies in the rest.

Scene 9
The offices of the Abstract Development Corpony one seech inter.
It is little afternoon of a grey, foggy day, and the

th is sill-attraction, and in a party room and the strengthype, biles NEELY, searning cost and had a soluting and hadding her detail, presparatory to Miss NeELY ages to the structure account a surface account a low had peers one. Everything as museturedly and peers one. Everything as museturedly roll outstale, but, from these to tone, there cousts a low had only volces. SORRELL, sether huggerd and drawn about the foce, enter the office. He speaks questly, lust

Somezal: Leaving, Helen?
Miss Nazav: Yes sir. (She continues to peer out)

Miss NEELY: I wish those non-would go owny. The way they strind secural in little groups and tells, and are quiet when you pass by, is enough to make your fieth crawl. Sourceast of brane and get a good might's rest. You're bred and nervous after these hast few days. When you come in isomersees morning everythang.

When you come in conserve morning everything will be settled.

Muss Norman (b, Mr. Sorrell, I do hope—Sonwara. (southwest): Nothing's going to happen We'll work the whole thing our around the

SORKELL (SORTONED)): Nothing's going to happen. We'll work the whole thing our around the table before another hour. Mins Nauliv: I'm so glad. You don't know what a relief it will be. SORKEL: Yes; It will be for us all.

Miss Nursey: Good night, Mr. Sorrell.
Sorranze: Good night, Hrlen.
She gost out. Revizence, as old were until a
yery foot, exters from the inner office.
ROYLEDGE: Has no one come yet?
SORREL: They use conting tight owny, I thank.
You look itred, Mr. Rutholge; Sn drows.

SOMMELL goes min the source office closing the deve Johnson enters. Johnson, Ruiledge, I have come to very good-by to you. NOTALOGE I are sorry to bear that you are going, my friend. Journoy I am define more ramifly than I had

expected (A sound is the toreet) in all line health. ROTALONES SOR IS PLEYS, of course! Well, Jordon, armist have dred every pertile there before journess: I shall perform sincely. Rankalgenewer bear. I have just enemyly accept for Resulption and the Lett. Risk. To have more usued speak at Anni the lattle host! where done del Oscie fundite cyticals and discontinuous acceptance of the congration. The contract of the conceptance, but done the conceptance.

cough hat heyed red shirthen upon a handlerchief.

ROTLEGGE, If you write lottedly about us, end about sy upon the weld-hazers now of heper—a slyscraper against the morning sky, the span of the fredge in the drings usin, ere— Journacy Soure similar high. I shall not fiel, likeldige, I have found new meanesche for the dynlegge, was torseom for the shift. The greatest still fill us the world—a hardware window, the great

to finite-critecists on sects. Brownish with. Dormanni Brough is benefit in a great the paradition with Theorem 2 area, perhaps. A year (Why Issail) will become a chronic state!

BOTLERON: When all the Infl., when everything it locking, the vidgor pasture wine, if we say become in the property of the Infl., when everything it locking, the vidgor pasture wine, if we say become in consults. Goal are sheep and sheep are goals. But it is existe in the, Jeedon. The trends in the wine corrolls, locking are and in other paraditions.

bery are unvineible. Bo you need recept part? Jounney: 'No. I have done well in local real easiet. BOTTLEDON (https://doi.org/10.100/

of the question for a man with my income. I sold and took my peofits. A friend of aniso once told me corenation was not at all suspleasant. And new, goods by, my feefand, I shall send you my book when it appears.

REVILLION: Goodsby, Jordan. We are weary for forms. Cultivations of series of the people of the

the control of the co

HETCHENDO, the REVERBOR MS. SMALLS GOOD, the Bythet neutror, be HOOCOGARLE PERSONS CARR, and Mn. TYLON, the President of the Cener-Union Bank and Trust Co., come The Texture Co. In the Action Bank and Total Co., come of the safet of his fisch, is a big red-fused, well-fed may not be assigned. He seems a white vest, it hearty to the assigned rest. He seems a white vest, it hearty

and it is the problem of the problem

to that he considerate a hard peasant hostility roward only idea he carroad natheritonel, so that he holds half the world as constant suspenson. He is read, been and planey, no purely, white roomenty he has all the hard, self-congretativesy assurance of the very consume man who has "god there." PARSON CASE (on he rester, he capy, operation tensy), planeer hard there all the data. It's that echassed Nagoe from the North who's here seeming them up with his specches and papers.

sorting uses up with an specieses sun payers, (sever conspicially) litter a Burrup, gentlemen, only a fluorup, The good people of both sees. . . . Tyrone The man should be driven our of norm. Battary rather in, in a very excited start, breatthing as exempted as the start. RALLEVE IN sell up! They've let the cut out of the long. The New York Thems has a start of the heart.

thing on the front page; all about the troops bring sent here and everything. PREVIOW CAIR (reguly): Who let the thing out? TYROW! Oh, the newspapers get held of every-

thing.

BAILEY (fervestly): Think God the tourist
voisen's over; it would've knocked an awful hade
in our business. I only hope it doesn't hart us next
year.

SMALLWOOD (who despines fraction): I'm ource

MALASTORM (LIN any one in the management of the line o

black legislatures and free banch constress in every title capital, and time the country over to marrial low, corrupt politics, and Noethern capethogers. For face, the state of the state of the state of the face of the state of the state of the state of the SMALLWOOD (butter fitpent): It is plain, we must do something to refuse these inflamma asserment do something to refuse these inflamma asser-

PRESTOR CARR: We must do something—but isn't fast Calling science to his sid, like that. HUTCHINGS: We can meet his facts with facts of our own, Mr. Governor. He has only been able so far to quote as authorities there books by sociriorists, four by nsychologists, and six by reone mests and historians, a total of thurseen in all. itschiebre a total mass of evidence of six thousand, seven bundred and forty-two pages. Offhand I am able to produce the works of five sociologists, ax psychologists, and eight economists and historians, total of nineteen, composing in all over ninety five hundred pures of solidly-documented scientific. historic, and economic evidence, all tending to show that the Negro is racially, morally, intellectrolly and physically an inferior. One, indeed,

asserts he in higher spectes of spe and produces tight hundred closely filled page is support has continuous. Parasers Canas: Tenth will present? Yet have Parasers Canas: Tenth will present? Yet have HACCHINGGA: The whole history of modern species in bound up in the history of modern species in bound up in the history of modern science, and what on advance that has been, my people were notify dependent on highest and proper before the Maddle Age, when the people were notify dependent on highest and woods cought history, arresorably of the Branas

Cetholic Church, of course,

SEALLWOOD (relieved): Ah, yes, I quite agree with you. There has been a treasuratus advance. Horzemusch: Nowadoys they go to the scientist united of to the griess.

RALLEY: There's propose for you.

Type: (healing of his wireh): See here. When the they will be the scientist and the scientists of the scientists.)

a two concenting at the winter); self-nere, was use they possing to start this thing off?

Scountail Write ready to their, gratheren, as soon as the Routley, and Colone Germaneren, as soon as the Routley, and Colone Germaneren, as the self-nere of the source paper, a nearly searched, sear-faced sean, Konnata, Art editor, a professional recompany manus—tail, this, eather disorned and sleer-soot-

It seedudes Wesserzus, the publisher of the suome payer, a suite, seatened, sortefeed wins keentale, the relitty, a projectional recompany Keentale, the relitty, a projectional recompany on the control of the projection of the result of the representative of the Federated Wesser's Clash and Ma. Revizzation, who retest from the mure presence Casa. Goods midtly service from the result of the result of the result of the person of the result of the result of the person of the result of the result of the person of the result of the result of the person of the result of the results of the person of person of

SORREAL (Austaly): If you please, Governor. Troon (surfuly). A mistake calling the local Guard con. FRESTON CARR (genially): Pihaw, man! A flare-un! No more than that.

Concover, Gritses course in montended. He to a man of swee fifty years, with pixtuded gay hair, blant, forested features, a sphintable gain of expression, and an exest, streetly figure. Somerst, brekova blue to a new the head of the toolds. He assar history!. Everyone is strong to traft at ones, there is a confunnel, extrained and angay habible of younce. The Army Mon waits apprincisly for the socies to list down, his natures indicating a corrien control of the street of the street of the street of the Gibble of the street of the street of the street of the Gibble of the street of the street of the street of the Gibble of the street of the street of the street of the Gibble of the street of the street of the street of the Gibble of the street of

voke?) You sent for me, I am here. What do you wan?

Somett (reey smoothly): Yes, Colonel, We want the benefit of your addres and suggestion. (Panse) Nort a supprise you all have the purpose of this meeting. We see all here to talk over this re-than-little futurbance and to discuss ways and neurs of settling the mootee.

Bantary: 187 a sphesidid idea' Nothing's resiliy

the matter. I've said that all along, A good gettogether will area the whole thing out.

Sonsus, I've feel there is no essential difference between us and the—sh—colored citizens of this community. The whole matter may be settled by the one of a hafte next.

the use of a lattle text.

SMALLW core (Nearing): Alt, yes, taxt, Readles
Secrell, Taxt, And Italih Oli, ny friends, we must
have Inith—Initia neutrolese, Italih in mankind,
and, above all, Italih us the bleed of the lumb. Acuse in the terreity Wen't serecence close the windown't think me can talk better these. (Rattav
down't think me can talk better these.) (Rattav
ger my ared shatt the trainfow? The threath must

the to the first country streets are the total table as it corners to use. We must reclaim one poer, strayed sheep, we must—
Southeld, (Acading kin off): Yes, Exactly!
Southeld, (Acading kin off): Yes, Exactly!
Southeld, (Acading kin off): Yes, Exactly!
Southeld, (Acading kin off): Yes, Exactly in the control of the country of the cou

Think! Why, sir, I think it's all a very good iden.
They yearse, writing to hear more. He closes his grey mouth firmly, and looks at three with more year.
Summers. Now, if anyone has may helpful suggestions—my little thing that you think might

Selp! Miss. Where Is at 17 like to my that the Associated Wennen's Clubs are ready to do all they can to help at any time. We will be glad to make sandwiches and coffee—that is, if anyone needs there.

sandwiches and coffee—that is, if anyone needs there.

There is a passe solute everyone considers that. Somman: All right. His cayone che my suggestions?

Triow (explaining units e middenness which wakes them jump): I delpri come here to talk

faith, hope and charity! My good money's tied up to this thing. I want some proceeding. My property is endingered. I'd like to ask the Colone) whose he intends to do. GRIMES (for the none preferable town): I will

Menores West Several, in particular, Tyson, the banker, Saxcasan, the server, and WERSTER, the publisher, speak at once. Again there is the taunale, but from

the continuous our ears with out these whreses. nghts of property must have protection sin and shame diagrace to the community

no respect for law brothmostock of state And so on. The GOLONEL, as before, wests inflexibly used the hubbab dies down. WEISYER: What of the burning of those two

GEIMES: White men-perhaps. WERSTER (excitedly): Gan you prove that) Gan you? GRIMES: Ask the editor of your paper.

They turn to Kennala, the editor. He were

his lips nervously and turns exestioningly to his constoner, Wenstein Kennall (quickly): An unidentified mobil GREATER (with a freezes smile): Ah! SMALLWOOD (degreeatmely - rubbing his

hands) I am sace only the riffroff and scum of creation take part in these affairs. The better class of citizens-SOURCEA: Now, is there suvone else? Mr. But ledge, have you any suggestions? Mr. Brown words raines his head stouds and with effort, and we see now that his face is old and grey.

BUYLEDGE (after a pense): None There is silence. Then they begin to sekinper swong themselves. A passe again. SORRELL: Anyone cise? Mns. WHEELER: I was telling my husband this morning that I couldn't understand what has come into these people. Everything has so changed since I was a girl. (She sight) We used to have the

degreet old black marring, who nursed all of the children in our family in turn. And when my father told his slaves, after the war, that they some free and could so where they pleaned, they came to him with tears in their eyes, and said "Marse Jens" - they always called him "Morse Hea - "Marse lim, we's evene to stay right heah wid We don't want to be free Niggers."

BAILBY (comfortably): I've always said it took BUYLEDGE (with weary trony): The evidence is sweety all around us. HARLEY: Yes. There's no one clar who knows there like we do BUTLEDGE (slowly and sloughtfully): Such

has been our boost. I wonder if we really dol-WERSTER, TYSON and BAILEY have began to stare at Burnapor new-coldly, sassiciously, augrily. Hereupees (brothly and slidly): The problem. of course, demands shove all che a knowlector of

social economics and of the underlying psycho-Ineical conditions. RUTLERGE (awietly, as before): Colonel Grimes, I thought I wanted a house, I am no longer We agreen (heele): What are you talking about

Ratledge? You're not the only one interested in this SORBIUL (tect/ally): Of course, Mr. Butledge, none of us want violence.

SMALLWOOD: Oh, no, indeed. BAILEY: By no means SORRELL: It's merely the principle of the thing we're standing up for.

RUTLEDGE: The principle of the thing-

Somerals: Well-the principle of law and RUTLEBUR: My friend, that is nonurny. We don't fight for principles. SMALLWOOM: Oh, Mr. Butledge! I don't think you mean usur that. You forget the Great War-

BUTLENGE: Nevertheless, I do mean it. WEISTER (hotly): I think you're craze to talk RUTLEBGE Very well-now that you know I'm crazy, you can be prepared for me, and I can do you no horrs. So many people are crazy and it never gets out. That causes the trouble, you see-Wrasten (merch): This is a fine time von've taken to turn against us! But my money and other records's money is in this business as well as yours. And we're not going to see our property destroyed

RUTLEBER (with a passionate cry): What does it momer, if we can't have it fairly? They stort to their feet and face one another There is again confusion oround the table. Sonnex. (pacifically): Gentlemen, pentlement Swarz woon Chestily multipe out kee watch and

without an effort.

consulting it): Oh, dear me! I really must be going I'm already late for an engagement at the He rises. So, too, do Propresson HUTCHINGS and Max. Wencersea.

HUYCHINGS: Then I'll accompany Everything is getting along to nicely. (Waves his hand) Anyway, I just dropped in for a few minutes. Max Weeks, ex.: Now, remember, we are almays ready to help with sandwiches and coffee. Savar ranger month and of the room, married bug, 'Frith, frith, my brothers. . . . Yes, and tact. He is followed by Propusson Hurcaures and Mes. WHEREEN: he polloutly giving the lady Mass. Worses on Carobe door's: Oh. Professor.

I've been wenting to ask you again to give us that wonderful definition of set you gave in your talk HUTCHINGS: Art, my dear lady, according to Groce, is the transcendental inturnan objectified They go out and the door is closed behind there.

TYSON, seko kes also gotten to his feet, now speaks across the table to RUTLEBER, and his voice betrers a cold, autresoning autogramm, Tysox: Batledge, what I've got, I've got by self up by my own bootstraps. No one ever parapered see. Your father was a rich slaveholder, Mine tens a poor farmer. All right. That was well and good fifty years ago, But, by God, we've come far since then, and you heren't kept up with us. And we intend to hold onto what we have.

WEREYER: Stop living in the past, Butledee That day is gone. Breve cace (aloub and minth): No. A doc I have never seen. Moneychangers, I am no part of your scheme. I wanted a house—I wanted a house. but now I want nothing! Aprile there is the confusion of vosces, during which the door opens and LIEUTENANT LEE RUT LEBOR CORRES IN. He goes directly to GOLONIEL GRANTER, salutage, and whomers to him. The

GOLONEL sneaks to him, but we do not hear what he says. Lex turns, meets for a moment his father's grey face, and goes. A hash falls over the group, and they turn questioningly to the officer. GREMES: I declare this town under mertial law. I request all you people to go at once to your homes and wait there until you receive further He rees out immediately. There is stunned salence for a moment; then the asset is broken by

the heavy reverberations of the fire bell beating out the number of the alarm, A moment later the trucks thunder by ourside, with a rapid elimaina of help. Somette, loos to his feet and raskes to the window, looking away toward the scattement. SORRELL: By God! They've fired the place. All the men, excent RETT, mage, ruck to the windoor, and there is again a great deal of notice unimpled with corbs and curses. RUTLENGE sits at the table as if somewhalful, with his back seward

WERSTER (torogely): Niggers this time! There's no doubt of it. They become quiet again, and then turn and puze questioningly at one another and at the bent frace of Mn RUTLEMOR at the table. Then all except Sonnexx file slowly and softly out. A red place hights the wondows. Mr. RUTLERGE site

stoliche at the table SORRELL (after a moment): Mr. Butledge! BUTLEDGE (very quietly, alwart insuafbly): My house, Sorrell SORRELL (after a passe): Yes. . . . I'm sorry! (Then he folls to emproy softly and monotonously under his breath, while he ranuarges in one of the drawers of his desk. His mouth is drawn in right and savage lines. Presently he finds what he is looking for—an automatic revolver. He drow it man the morket of his coat down on his hat, and prepares to quat the room. He again stops to notice the man at the table, and grain he means to him. very quietly:) Are you coming too? Mr. RUTLENGE makes no answer, but sits star ine before him as if carried from stone. Presenth

SORRELL goes out quietly and closes the door be-It has beenen to erose dark. The elear of the burning house brickson the scene, and its rise points the ortadous the red color of blood. Ma. RUTLANDER docum't move on his chair.

Scene 10 The scene is in the busement of a brack build-

show conducted by the exed Negro, Assos Todd. At the rear a narrow flight of steps descends from the suderrolly a little to the left there is a wondow which looks out on the level of the parsenged and which admits through its dirty passes a dist, unsatiofactory Right. The machinery of the room is of the samplest and wood principle hand there is to the right of

stitcing reaching in the center of the place is a Jame bough subtch compacts tower of much tacks and repair tools, as well as pieces of leather, and Amos Youn sits by his bench on a chair which has lost its back and whose less have been sowed off to a convenient shortness

For comfort he has provided himself with a worn leather cushion such as is used in entomobile The old mon is engaged as pasting helf soles on a neir of those. Presently he pair eads his homeser and, gripping the thoe between his huees, easts off the properting edges of leather with a short Shoes, ready for delivery, natched in a rade

but serviceable failures, are pilled on the breack, Once the old mon leaves his stool and ones to the window where he stemb assistiv a mement and The street outside is have of truffle; there are no pedestranes and eary lattle sound, though from a distance may be heard the low hum of many

votces. Presently the Neero returns to his stood and resumes his work, mattering to hurself and shabber his head. Souldenly, chattering the aumoraral stillness, the fee hell begins to ring an alarm, the old man gets to his feet and goes to the extrange; the street outside begon to means with activity feet you the sendow, running; there are cries, exultant, angry or excited. Afar off rises the sound of the expressib of meny men; a crescent have like the

sound of amory been.

The enterior is derhaned by a shadow, and the young Negro, Sam Tipyon, bounds down onto the Saze: Glose up yo' shop an' git along home. Azeos: Whuffs', how? SAM: De Nigosha fired de hall. De white folks

is arrein' dis way. Amos (stablewale): I ste't owine to booke. De white falks sin't got no gruder sun me. SAM: Dey's gwine to be trouble an' dey ain't no use you gittin' mixed up in it. Go on bome now,

Amos: Lak you tells me! Boy, who is you to tell me? I was in dis shop befor you was haven. boy, an' I been in it, day in, day out eveh since. SAM (intratagethy): Go on home, you AMOR: I goes when it's closin' time, boy. I goes at balf past free lak I allen is done. Sam (looking at the old men's clock): Den you only cot ten minutes. Go on home

Amos: Den I goes in ten minutes, lak I allus hos curse. (A mane) What's you ewine to do, how? Sane: Ne' min' bout me. I reakon I kin look Assess (padling his arm): Healt! You stay right wheah you is, boy. I am't goin' to let you git mixed up will dem no 'count Niggobs

Sass (wreaching free): Le' go of me. I knows want i'm oan.

Assos: Don' you go fightin' dem white men.
You sin't goin' to git de best of 'em. Sam: Aw, you ole Niggahs sin't got no guts. We's as good to dev is in a fight. (He turns to go) Ascos: Don' you go out dere, boy. Ef you does, don' you evah come back to me to' nothin'. I's

thee wid vo'. There are great cries from the other end of the SAM: You stoy heah sm' ley low. You crin't so

Amos (sugging at his arm): Come back heah, boy. You stay wheah you is Sam (exultantly): Aw, le' go o' me. I got to see de show, au't 17 He wrenches free from the old man's ergon

and russ out two the street There is the sound of breeking glass, and of stones shipping along the pervisorat, and a stray shot or two. Then with on angry roar, the moin reces on the street outside. There are ooths, wild screams of race or ways, the thud of firt on Resh. and all the weighted notices of physical combat. A stone shatters one more of Amos Todd's window. He goes to the wordow and looks with a drugged farcination on the scene outside Suddenly, obore the notes, there is the rapid

beer of the Guardinien approaching at a doublequick murch. One hears the hard staccuto of military commands, the snepping back of rifle bolts, and a volley of shoe, fired over the heads of the com-

There are severe shoats and cries, and the running of many feet along the parements, as the crowds disperse. The Negro Jounna, disheraled. exhausted, and breathing heavily, his mad eyes staring down the steps, raws anto the room. He th armed with a revolver

Amon: Git out of beah! Git out of heah. Niesah. I sen't got no place heah fo' de like of you. JOHNSON: Come away from that window, you old fool. (He attempts to pull how every, but the old men fights have off. There is another volley of gamfire which shutters till and gloss, and the old man is abot down. Inserences eateber him as he falls and done him to the book of his room and pass hose on the floor. Bending over the body:) I tol' you to come away from there. How had are you hear? (There is no answer. Journey exercises the body brush. The old man is dead The Negro rues slowly and looks down at the

mert figure which, with the dirty leather apron and soiled clothes, looks like a greary bundle of regs and patches) You pore ole feel! What good's all your bowin' and screpus' done you? Outside the noise, the shouting, and the confaston have deed eway in the destance. The Goverdo men come by, ordering frightened Negroes out of their hiding places, dealyring stouty in files on enther tide of the street. LIEUTENANT LEE BUY-Lance discovers the Negro Louisecone

Last (from the top of the steps): All right, you! Come out of there! We've get you! The Negro selectly slowly and stends onthe still for a moment, his powerful head supprin rhythmically from side to side. Then like a leaf he charges at his captor straight scross the room, leveling his repolver or he goes. LIEUTENANT LAS RUTLEDON shoots him; he is stopped by sudden impact: he slades forward carefully to his knees and

hands, sprawling storely on the floor, LEE: Touched met (A Suncieant, a tough, sure, hard-faced rosene man, enters the room? I think he's done for, Sergeant The STROBANT bends and examines the holy bricky.

SERGEANT (making a face): God! He's bleedin' like a stuck pig! LEE (bending); Here, lend a hand, (They life

the body covefully and carry is to a corner of the GOLONEL GRIBERS anters the room SERGEART (in for tone). The man's dying, sir

COLONIAL GRIMES: Send for an ambulance and a doctor. SERGEANY: Yes, sir. He goes out. Sciences. cower quickly seen the SOMMELL: The house is good it berned his diades.

The body on the floor stirs feelib, and six Negro speaks to fema more.

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Gamers notion Sorall to silence Brenzeoux
esters the room,
Somming Pre mury, sie The bount—
Bornancia (brody's), Yes, I have (the guest in
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CARRENT What is the trans?

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espect no further trouble."

Trovo Man: Think you, Colonel (We nerts to deposit, but glorest towed the entered) Supulsation of the Concress. Gassum (graffy). Something think doesn't concern you—pet. On your wey, wen.

Ten Young Man got out anvillingly.
BETEROOT: Will you have not shore with
the men for a moment!
Sometta. (montantly day figs, or a whitper,
still gening at the flow). He Bailedge!

till graine at the foot [1 Mr. Baldelaje!
Postress Cana (Boogledally) it will be in
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Spears, (or before) Mr. Baldelaje!
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in primary term more and the 200 feet of the proferences of the control of the control of the deletion to light. But there is yet a heater thing this light, though we go chromed for it.

Let (almost menably): I do not understood yea, fisher, (if prime) You were not to go?

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CARMELITA'S EDUCATION FOR LIVING

of contributing to the delinearney by MARK HARRIS



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Despute competitors. Doctor Norman Vincent Peale continues to reign as the country's road

by MONROE PRY

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AUTHORSHIP THE DEATH HOUSE

by CARYL CHESSMAN

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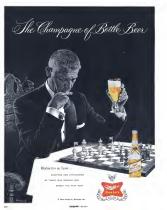




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RICHARD JOSEPH'S TRAVEL NOTES

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